

Vol. IV.

William Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, one year. . 3.00
Two copies, one year. 5.00

No. 177.

#### LOOKING BACK.

BY JOHNNIE DABB.

Floating down old Time's swift river, Glancing onward o'er the track, Evening sunset finds me looking, Often sadly looking back.

And I see a blue-eyed maiden, With her hair a golden hne, Waiting for me at the falling Of the early summer dew.

Then the vision slowly passes
As I reach my hand to save,
And another rises slowly—
"Tis a maiden's lonely grave.

Now I see my home of childhood, And my mother's angel face, And my tears are sadly falling As I see the dear old place.

Then again the vision changes, The old homestead is no more, But a stately mansion rises Where the old house stood of yore

All is changed; not one slight token Of the days now gone and past, Gomes to cheer me as I'm floating Swiftly down toward the last.

For I see them as I knew them In the days forever gone, Nothing now is left but Mem'ry-I am floating all alone!

# Dashing Dick:

#### TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"
"BOY SPY," "TRONSIDES, THE SCOUT," "DEATHNOTCH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER VI. A FRIEND IN NEED.

TRAPPER Tom grasped the vines that the unknown had placed in his hands, with that desperation that a drowning man grasps at the least thing which will offer him assistance. The next moment the rope that encircled his ankle was cut and his feet carefully lowered to a narrow ledge entirely concealed from the basilisk eyes above by the deep shadows of the overhanging vines and foliage.

overhanging vines and foliage.

The moment, however, that the rope swung back over the rift without its weight, a yell of

This was immediately succeeded by the savages. This was immediately succeeded by the sound of excited voices and hurrying feet.

"Take it easy, Trapper Tom," said the unknown friend; "the red-skins will hardly get down here before you can get the blood started aright and ready to fee."

"Wal, really—wal," stammered the old trap-per, rubbing his eyes; "I'll sw'ar it blurred my optics more or less, stranger-it wer'n't a pleas ant posish. I'll warrant ve I presume not," replied the stranger, whose

clear, musical voice denoted his youth. Now, stranger, if you'll jist lead the way, I'll follow you outen this valley and shadder I sw'ar I've no liken for the spot, but ten to one you see'd my flyin' trapeze performance

"To be sure I did. Fortunately I happened here a few minutes before you jumped the log," replied the unknown, who, leading the way, soon piloted the old trapper from the

gorge into the woods. Trapper Tom now took the lead, and the two proceeded toward that point on Clear Lake from whence the trapper desired to embark for

It required but a few minutes' walk to bring them to the margin of the little lake.

They paused where the moonbeams fell full

Trapper Tom now turned to his companion "Blarst my ole picters if it ain't Harry Her-bert, the boy hunter!" burst from his lips in

astonishment when he recognized the face of Yes, Tom, and I presume you'd have recognized me ere this had your head not been turn ed upside down in the chasm," responded the

Harry Herbert was a lad not over twenty years of age, and but for the dark, silken mustache that shaded his mouth he would have ap peared much younger. He was small in stature but well-built. His eyes were dark and beam ing with a bright, jovial and fearless expression Short, dark ringlets clustered about a fine-pois ed head that was covered with a mink-skin cap. In features he was handsome, although his face and hands were tanned by sun and wind to a nut-brown; and there was an air

ture among bordermen. Harry Herbert was represented to be a cou-Pauline Winslow, and the truthfulness of the fact was manifest in the great family re-

about him that told of more than the usual cul-

semblance between the two "Wal, younker," said Trapper Tom, after they had conversed for a few minutes, "you done me a good turn to-night, and-"

"Yes, I presume so, when I turned your heels below your head," interrupted Harry. Trapper Tom indulged in a low, silent laugh. "Edzactly, Harry, edzactly," he at length replied; "and as one good turn deserves another,

suppose you turn in with me at Lake Castle and spend the night. "I'll be only too happy to do so, if you will

warrant my safety from your spirits."

"I'll do that, lad. Polly Winslow shan't be cheated outen her boy-lover while Trapper "Ho, demons are upon Tom's head's level. No, sir'ee! She's a glorious gal, and thar's scores of young fellers that'd give their very souls for her; but that's neither here nor there, so let's set sail for the Castle."

As he concluded, he proceeded to launch a and that, and canoe which he had concealed hard by. This Here his voice done, they entered the craft and seated themselves, and the next moment they were gliding across the waters toward the Castle.

They were out about a hundred yards from shore when suddenly a voice rung out over the with startling distinctness.



They were out about a hundred yards from shore, when a voice rung out over the lake with startling distinctness.

God's sake permit me to lodge at Lake Castle | Tom, Dashing Dick and Harry Herbert on the | seemed to be moving out upon the surface of to-night again."

The old borderman ceased paddling. The

roice was familiar to him. It was that of Dashing Dick, the hunter.
"By the shades of purgatory!" exclaimed

the trapper, "it's Dashin' Dick, and his presence recalls to my bemuddled brain the fact that I see'd him and Polly Winslow fleein' from some o' Red Falcon's savages, not three

"Is this possible?" exclaimed Harry, manifesting great surprise.
"Yes, and it may be Polly's with him now. If not, she's fallen into the power of the cursed

let us know at once where she is.'

Trapper Tom headed the canoe shoreward. A few vigorous strokes of the paddle carried it to the beach where Dick was standing. Another moment and the young hunter was

aboard the craft. "Where is Polly, Dick, where is Polly?" Tom hastened to inquire, seeing he was alone; "I see'd you and her to-night ridin' like the de'il to git away from a pack o' Ingins.

You stood at the margin of the wood Yes, whar you left the prairy. Where is

"God only knows. She disappeared from her animal's back while we were fleeing through the woods. She rode at my side, and how and when she escaped I am unable to say, for her horse kept right on, all the time, alongside of mine. The darkness prevented my noticing her disappearance until I found myself surrounded by a pack of savages, from whom narrowly escaped with my own life and the loss of my horse.

A sigh escaped the lips of Harry Herbert, while old Tom groaned aloud.

"What's to be done?" the latter asked.

"I know not," replied Dick, "for even now

the savages are swarming through the woods in search of me, and to tarry here will be sure death, for I know-He did not finish the sentence. There was a

quick rush of moccasined feet. Half a dozen dusky figures glided from the shadows of the woods, rushed down into the water and seized the canoe, while, at the same time, a wild yell

Ho, demons are upon us!" roared old Tom, springing to his feet and swinging aloft the heavy oaken paddle; "up and into em, boys lay on with a vim! Our lives depend on our nerves. Ho, thar, ye red hellyon! take that,

Here his voice was drowned in the wild confusion of the battle, that now became terrible.

> CHAPTER VII. THE CONFLICT.

THE forest around Clear Lake became re-Ho, there, Trapper Tom !" it called. "For sonant with the din of the conflict. Trapper and burst into a flame. A few minutes later it

one side and the six savages on the other!

The latter made no attempt to slay the Their capture alive seemed to be the ole object of the attack.

Harry Herbert, whipping out a small revol er, opened fire with telling effect, while Tom stood erect with his heavy paddle, which he used with great skill and success upon the tufted skulls of his adversaries.

The latter struggled hard to upset the canoe, hoping thereby to throw the whites off their guard, and while struggling with the waves gain a bloodless victory. They were armed with short clubs, but the position of our friends, and the desperate resistance they Then for Heaven's sake paddle back, and made, prevented them from inflicting any serious blows with the cudgels; and in les than two minutes from the beginning of the attack, those of the red-skins that were not killed outright beat a hasty retreat into the woods, leaving the three white men masters of

the situation. Shout after shout pealed in thunderous notes from the iron lungs of old Tom, heralding

their triumph. When he had thus given expression to his feelings, he again seated himself and put the boat in motion, heading, the second time, for

"By Heaven, that was a lively bit of sport, boys!" was the first remark of Dashing Dick.
"Yes; and had the variets not been so detarmined on takin' us alive, they might have ot our skulps without losin' a man," replied

"You think, then," said Harry, "that they wanted to take us alive?" "Sartinly. I understand Red Falcon has offered a king's ransom for myself, alive and in good condition," replied the trapper; "and

them devils at the creek to-night come purty

nigh gittin' me, too-they would if it hadn't been for you, Harry. "And the panther," added the boy hunter. "Hullo! what does that mean, Trapper Tom?" suddenly exclaimed Dashing Dick

pointing away toward the eastern shore All eyes were at once turned in the direction indicated, and they saw a dull red light in the timber. It was stationary, but even while pondering over its import, it began moving along the lake-shore toward the north, at a rapid speed, rising and falling as it went, as if borne pon a tossing wave.

Trapper Tom ceased paddling and watched t with a silent interest that denoted his intense curiosity and wonderment. Harry Herbert watched his face and that of Dashing Dick al-He saw that both were equally puzzied by the mysterious light, but he was not a little embarrassed himself, when Dick turnes and

fixed a strange, interrogative look upon hi. 1. The light continued to move on around the edge of the lake, until it had reached the north side. Then it stopped, and coming down to the water's edge, made a few rapid oscillations

the water toward Lake Castle. This our muscular limbs, the swelling chest, the silken friends discovered was really the case. It appeared to be drifting before the wind, which was blowing gently from that direction, and when it had reached a point well out upon the ake, the watchers saw that the light was attached to a canoe which contained no occupant but which was being carried toward the Castle by the force of the wind.

"Devilish queer!" muttered Trapper Tom, in a tone that told he was puzzled. "It is, indeed," replied Dick, and he stole another glance at Harry, upon whose face he

detected the shadow of a smile. "It's my opinion it's some signal, or decoy, declared Tom. "Very likely, Trapper Tom," responded

Dick "I hardly believe it, boys," added Harry Herbert; "some of Tom's hunter friends are

endeavoring to perpetrate a joke on him."
"Nay, nay, lad; you and Dick are all the hunters that is in twenty miles o' here. I tell you thar's sumthin' up, and I'm in fur investi-gatin' the matter. The cance will soon drift hereaways if we'd wait on it, but we can facili-

tate business by goin' to meet it.'

His companions entering no protest against his course in the matter, the old trapper at once headed toward the strange craft. When within a few rods of it, and directly to the windward, Tom ceased paddling, and in a few minutes more the craft drifted within reach of his paddle. Reaching out, he drew it alongside of their boat

The light in the boat was still burning. was a kind of a torch, made of a bundle of dry sticks, and fastened on the thwart of the boat by means of a strip of green bark. Upon the same seat within the uncertain glow of the torch lay a number of sticks, which had evidently been but very recently cut. Four of these sticks were of the red willow, and among these lay a fifth one, which had been made per-

fectly white by peeling the bark from it.

"Thar, by the shades o' Tophet!" exclaimed
Trapper Tom, "what did I tell you, boys? Who says that that light and them sticks ain't 'tended for sumthin' or other? Four red ones and one white one. Are we in danger? Are these a mute warnin' to us-a silent mes meanin' that we're in danger o' four red and one white enemy?"

A momentary excitement agitated the minds of the little party, for Trapper Tom's interpretation of the matter in question impressed itself upon them as being the actual fact itself. They were in danger from five enemies, four red and one white.

"But where can these five enemies be? Surely not in Lake Castle," said Harry Herbert, giving free expression to his thoughts.

"Nay, nay, Harry," responded Trapper Tom, "they're not in Lake Castle, that I'll stand good for. But it means sumthin', that's sartin, and so here goes for the Castle." He tacked about and pushed for his strong-

hold, permitting the strange canoe to continue adrift. Two minutes' paddling brought the trio to alongside of the landing in front of the Castle door.

A landing was soon effected and the canoe tied up. Then Trapper Tom turned, and, having examined the door to see that it had not been tampered with, he proceeded to unlock and open it. This was all soon accomplished, and Tom entered the Castle, followed

by Dick and Harry.

It was dark as pitch within the apartment, but Tom removed the ashes from some coals that he had covered on the hearth, and piling some dry fuel upon them, soon had a cheery

Tom glanced carefully around the apartment, to see that every thing was as he left it. Dashing Dick watched every movement of his eyes, and, when the trapper had announced every thing in order, something like an expression of relief passed over the young hunter's face, for the secret of the torch and the sticks must have impressed him with the belief that those five enemies were in the Castle. "Quite an impregnable fortress, Trapper

"Quite an impregnable fortress, Trapper Tom," said young Herbert, glancing around the room with an eye of admiration.

"It's a poser to the red-skins, Harry," responded Tom, "and because they can't take it, they go off and slander me by sayin' the place is ha'nted. Bah, the red fools!"

"Boys," said Dashing Dick, throwing himself upon a pallet of furs at one side, "I acknowledge the strength of the Castle and my present se-

the strength of the Castle, and my present se-curity makes me feel like a coward when my mind reverts to the unknown fate of Pauline

Winslow."

"Tut! tut!" ejaculated Trapper Tom;

"who's here in this crowd that believes Dashin' Dick, the hunter, to be a coward? Not ole

Tom Strothers, by a long shot. Thar's not a
doubt but you are oneasy 'bout Polly, but so'm
I, and Harry, here, too," and a mischievous
smile flitted across the face of the speaker, for
he knew his two quests were rivals for the hand he knew his two guests were rivals for the hand of Miss Winslow.

Dick now gave a full account of his and Pauline's adventure from the time they left Prairie View up to the time of their meeting by Prairie View up to the time of their meeting by the lake, and from this Trapper Tom formed an opinion that the maiden had been captured by the savages, and so the three resolved to set out in search for her the following morning. This matter being settled, the master of the Castle began the preparation of something to eat, for his appetite had been sharpened by a day's fasting and a night's adventures:

Dick stretched himself in an attitude of re-

Dick stretched himself in an attitude of re-pose upon the pallet, while Harry seated himelf in one corner and in silence watched Tom

Dick was now afforded the first opportunity of scanning his young rival's features and the very peculiar garb he wore. He saw that he was quite youthful in appearance, and his-bronzed face bore such a striking resemblance to that of his cousin, Pauline, that the young hunter tried to console himself with the fancied belief that he was in her presence. rould not admit of this, but impressed him-Dick-more fully with the stern fact that in Harry Herbert he had a formidable rival so far as personal looks were concerned.

Harry became conscious of the gaze fixed upon him by Dashing Dick, and, as if to avert the mesmeric power of his dark-gray eyes, he turned slightly on his seat and opened a conversaion with Trapper Tom. Presently he arose and went out onto the

platform, closing the door after him.

Tom went on with his work, and, when sup-per was at last made ready, Harry was still out. The old trapper went to the door and called him. There was no response.

"Whar can he be?" muttered Tom, and, folowed by Dick, he went out to look for him. To their surprise they found he was nowhere about. He was gone, and the manner

of his departure was enshrouded in a mystery to them, for the cance—the only one about in which they had come over to the Castle still av exactly where they had left it. Believing, however, that the young hunter would soon make his appearance, the two went back into the Castle, and, seating themselves at

the rude table, partook of their supper in si-Half an hour passed by and Harry did not return. Dick finally came to the conclusion that he would go ashore and see if he could find some trace of the missing youth there. Tom was opposed to this, but the young hunter laughed away his objections, and, going out, he sprung into the cance moored alongside of the

platform and pulled out into the lake. Tom watched him a moment, then, closing the door, he seated himself before the fire and indulged in a train of reflections. He passed over in memory the terrible adventures through which he had passed that night, and, when he remembered by whose hand he had been rescued from a terrible death in the chasm, his spirit became aroused, and it seemed as though he, too, ought to go in search of Harry, who might then be in trouble. But this he could not do now, for Dick had taken away his only canoe. Then he wondered why Harry had gone away, and how, and why Dick manif such great uneasiness about him. Surely there

was something singular about it all. He at length arose, and crossing the room, threw himself upon his pallet of furs. Here, with his elbow resting upon the couch, and his face upon his palm, he soon sunk into a kind of mental stupor.

His eyes are now fixed upon the sand-floor before him. They are possessed of that vacant light so peculiar to the eye when the mind is growing sluggish with drowsiness, or when the thoughts are far away. His facial muscles relax into an expressionless gravity.

But this inertness lasted only for a minute.

The brows of the trapper suddenly beco

arched. The pupil of his eyes dilate, and some great and sudden emotion sends a thrill through

his whole frame. He sees a slight upheaval of the sand near the edge of his couch. He feels a slight movement under him.

Something possessed of life is buried there under the dry sand of the Castle floor!
But, what was it? An animal of that species burrowing in the earth? or was it a savage foe concealed there?

Both these questions the trapper asked himself, but the latter seemed so absurd that he discarded it from his mind altogether, and rising to his feet he was about to make some investigation as to the first, when a light rap, rap, rap on the Castle door arrested his attention.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

A STARTLING FACT.

THE rap on the Castle door was evidently that of some one who had no hesitancy about

out. He saw that Harry Herbert had returned, and at once admitted him to the Castle.

"Ho, ye runaway!" exclaimed the old trapper; "whar ye been, younker? See'd any thing o' Dashin' Dick?"

To your first question I will say that I have

been over on the shore, trying to find out some-thing 'bout that mysterious torch, and those five sticks. As to Dick, I have seen nothing of him since I left." Wal, how the deuce did you git over to the

shore? found a small canoe drifted alongside

Did you gain any clue as to the torch and Harry fixed his eyes upon Trapper Tom in a

manner that implied great meaning; then leaning forward he said in a whisper: I did, Tom. The old Trapper started. A nervous jerk

convulsed his whole frame, and he swept the surrounding walls with a quick glance, as though he half suspected the youth's secret. "What is it? what did it mean?"
"Just what was first suspected. We are in

danger," replied the young hunter, in a whis-"Of what?"

"Enemies."
"Indeedy?"

"Yes; we are in danger of five enemies. Four of them are red-skins, and one a white-skin, as the sticks indicated."

From whom did you learn all this, Harry?' "From the one who sent the canoe, with the torch and sticks, adrift; from a friend of ours who would not have dared to venture out upon the lake, but knowing we were about to run into danger, hit upon the idea of warning us by means of the torch and the sticks. "And whar are those enemies? In a whisper scarcely audible, the young hun-

ter replied:
"Four of them are within this very castle!" Trapper Tom could scarcely conceal his emo

tion. His eyes involuntarily sought the ground where, but a few minutes previous, he had seen the sand move, as if by some living creature be-'They must be there!" whispered Harry, see-

ing the trapper's downward and significant glance, "for where else could they be?" 'It's impossible for four savages to be buried

under the sand in this castle," whispered Tom, "or they'd 'a' left some trace, by which they'd been found out afore this. I'll admit it's a trick that none but a red-skin could play. But then, how could they have got in here? The door was securely locked when we come. No, no; I can't hardly convince myself that four sav-

I hope not, at any rate," replied Harry. "Ay, ay, lad; for if so, a bloody fight will be the result. But be ready for the wurst, Harry. I'll fight to the death afore I give up Lake Cas-

I will stand by you to the last, Tom," replied Harry.
"That's the music and pluck, my boy; but see here; who is that white enemy, and whar

Before Harry could answer, there came another sharp rapping on the Castle door, cutting

short their conversation. Tom opened the wicket and saw that Dash ing Dick had made his appearance again, and

so he answered his summons by opening the door and admitting him at once Ah, the truant has beat me back!" he exin a jocular tone, when he caught

sight of Harry. Yes; he's been here some time," replied

Tom, in a whisper; "but, Dick, did you make any dis-kiveries while you were away?" I did," replied Dick, glancing at Herbertwho had turned away—with an expression that puzzled the old trapper to understand; "there is something wrong, Tom, and—" here his voice fell still lower; "there is a traitor dogging our

Trapper Tom was astounded. There was something in Dick's last words, and the glance he had given Harry, that he knew at once were to be connected. If so, Harry Herbert was the But could such a thing be possible?

Old Tom asked himself the question a number of times, for he was loth to believe it. Then he began to reflect over Harry's past conduct of that evening. He could find nothing suspi-cious, but his leaving the Castle without making the fact known. But Harry had told such a straightforward story about his leaving, and his discovery, that the trapper still couldn't believe he was a traitor.

Turning, he went out onto the platform, motioning Dick to follow him. Harry remained

Now, Dick, tell me," said Tom, "what it was you see'd while ashore."
"The first I saw on landing," said Dick,

glancing warily and uneasily about him, "was a canoe put out from shore, and head directly for this point. Harry Herbert was the occupant. He had scarcely reached the Castle when another canoe glided out from the shadows of the shore, and it was headed toward this point. There were four occupants in it, and whether they were humans in disguise or fiends in the form of beasts, I can not say,

At this juncture a curious light kindled in Trapper Tom's eyes, and a strange expression swept over his bearded features. But his head being slightly turned, Dick failed to observe the emotions his words had aroused, Why, how did they look, Dick? What war

they?" he asked.
"They were all different," replied Dick: "that is, no two were alike. One resembled a huge black bear—the head and feet and all were there, natural as life itself. Another re-sembled a mountain lion, and a fierce-looking creature it was. Another resembled a panther. and the fourth one a wolf. All sat upright, the

may, I will swear it was the most ferociouslooking crew I ever saw, and the moonbeams falling upon them lent an additional terror to their fiend-like appearance."
"Whew!" ejaculated Tom, "I should think

so; but, what became of the critters?"

"There now, you are coming to the point,
Trapper Tom. As I said before, those four but, what became of the critters?" fiends were headed directly toward this point. I kept a close watch upon their movements. They approached the Castle with great caution,

and, as I supposed, they were going to make an attack upon it. They ran up to the east wall, then crept around toward the west side until the building concealed them from view. I waited for them to appear in sight again, but I waited in vain. I saw nothing of them after they put the Castle between themselves and me. I supposed they pulled out for the shore, finding the Castle impregnable, and kept the building between us, and yet it seems impossible for them to have done so. However, I jumped into my canoe and pulled hard for this point, and for fear those four demons might be concealed under the conce demanding admittance; and the natural conclusion of the old trapper was that Dick or Harry, and probably both of them, had returned.

der the shadows of the wall watching an opportunity to strike, I made the circuit of the Castle before approaching it. But not a demon did I see, Trapper Tom. They had vanished, canoe and all, as though your Castle had been a mon-ster and swallowed them up. I will be shot if their disappearance isn't clothed in a bit of mystery to me, and I—"

Further conversation was here interrupted by a slight, unnatural sound within the Castle. The two bent their heads and listened. Some thing was going wrong inside, and turning they hurried into the apartment. To their horror and surprise, they found themselves, on gaining the interior, face to face with four powerful savage warriors, who in the dim light of the "I found a small cance drifted alongside of the Castle, when I went out, and in this I reached the shore."

"Did you so you close at the Arcele will be and and foot, with a bandage over his mouth. All around in the yielding sand were marks where a violent yet silent struggle had ensued between the young hunter and the four savages, unknown to Trapper Tom and Dash-

Trapper Tom was dumbfounded by the presence of the savages, and for a moment he steod like a statue of stone, his eyes fixed upon

But, this lasted only for a moment. A look f scorn and indignation mounted his face, and his whole powerful frame became convulsed with a fury and strength that were gathering force for the coming storm.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 175.)

## Stealing a Heart: THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., UTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "REI SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "ERROULES, THE HUNGHRACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TAL-ISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE OFFERING. As Myrtle remained silent, Yost spoke again. "You may judge, in part of my astonish ment at finding you under such circumstances,"

"True—true," returned Myrtle, half absently, without meeting his glance; "I know it must seem singular to you; but to me—" she hesitated; a scarce-perceptible shudder accompanied the creek." the speech.

There was more torture in Myrtle's brain at that instant than another could dream of. A she introduced Yost to them; and, in a few picture of the old, old time rose before her; her moments they withdrew, leaving our couple heart was aching in a yearning memory of the alone past—aching under the stern realisms of her "I changed existence. "So inopportune, too!" he went on. "Your

'Sister Cora!"--another start; the pale

face became whiter. Yes; she disappeared as mysteriously as

you did. But she went during the night. there was really none to look after the arrange-'The funeral?" The words were repeated

'Yes; your grandmother, you know, and Mr.

My grandmother! What do you mean?" Myrtle looked at him now; the large blue yes were turned upon him in a glance of ques-

ning wonder. He was somewhat embarrassed. "Ah, yes, I remember; you went away during the afternoon. But did you not hear at all

your grandmother's death?"
'Grandma dead! Mr. Yost!—no, I never Oh! is it true? Is she dead?' Henry Yost was very much surprised when he learned that Myrtle had been in utter ignoance of the fact of her grandmother's death. Her exclamation produced a renewal of his embarrassment, and for several seconds he could only return the wild, amazed stare of the great blue eyes in silence

Really, Miss St. Sylvin-" "Can it be possible!" she interrupted. "Is she dead, Mr. Yost?"

"I ought not to have announced it so incautiously, he said, as if to apologize for having caused the pain which he saw depicted in Myr Yes, she is dead.'

When-when did it happen?" brokenly. "The evening of the very day you left. They searched for you; but you had gone, no one could imagine where."
"How sudden it must have been!" Myrtle

was striving hard to be calm. "Well, yes—very: It was hemorrhage, I believe. She was stricken almost to death at the

t. But, she called for you, earnestly."
'Called for me?" Wider grew the staring eyes; her body leant forward, and she breathed

I was not in the room when she died; but, understand that the last word of her lips was the uttering of your name. But, there! every thing I add is only wounding you deeper—"
"No, no; I want to hear. It is the first I

'And I marvel at your not knowing it be-

'I have not had communication with any re lative since leaving Myrtleworth, so how could I?—and it—I—" Quicker heaved her bosom, the sentence was unfinished in a tight compres sion of the lips; she was struggling with all the iron of her nature to keep back the threatening

outburst of her emotion. But the effort was too severe. Slowly, glistening tear started from the trembling lid and coursed hotly down her cheek-then the fair head drooped to her hands, and she sobbed

"Poor grandma!" she murmured, with a choking breath, "she was the only true friend I had in the world. And I loved her—oh! so

If the life led by the young gambler had hardened his soul, he was moved, in this mement, by the great influence of woman's tears. bear handling the paddle, which led me to be-lieve they were persons disguised in the skins her strangely, and his heart pulsed in a fervor those different animals. But, be that as it of sympathy.

tone:

"Miss St. Sylvin, you wrong me when you say you had no friend but your grandmother. There is one other who became your firm friend from the first hour of his meeting with you.

When he saw you, it was to yield to that instant admiration which man ever holds form.

Ber's glance as he spoke.

Nothing further passed between them. You shortly afterward left the room.

"He's carried two thousand dollars with him!" exclaimed the dealer at the table, with a sour grimace. "If there's another such 'run' the bank'll be broke!" stant admiration which man ever holds for a woman of heart and culture. He is now near you. He offers condolence in this unexpected sadness-he would strive to win the favor of your smiles, by proving himself sincere. It is I. Can I comfort you? Will you let me be your friend?"

"You are kind, Mr. Yost," sobbed Myrtle,
"Do not feel yourself so utterly lone under
trial. I will do my best to balm away your pain. All I ask is, that you will think well of me. I, too, am without friends—without kindred. My life is one continuous strain, a succession of dangerous ordeals that realizable in the model of the my breath must be pure. There is a heaven in her society which model a new soul within me!" succession of dangerous ordeals, that make me sigh for one faithful companion. I live wild and reckless; wherever I go I meet all as enemies. I have no confidants, not even an asso ciate who is constant. Then, would it not be sweet to me to have your friendship—to feel that one so good and pure does care a little for poor Harry Yost—the gambler!" "'The gambler!' echoed Myrtle, half-shud-

dering.
"Yes," he said, and his voice sunk to a low tremulousness, "Harry Yost, the gambler. I lead a wretched life; but, I grew up without fortune, or trade, or profession-ambition to dress well and live easy, brought me to this level, and it is my only support. But, how-ever bad, however vile the stigma attached to my role, I know how honest a man may be, and my character is not all welded in bands of copper. Perhaps you will spurit my society "No," said Myrtle, very lowly; but that was Perhaps you will spurn my society now.

"Myrtle-let me call you by that name? Would you take me from such a life? can do it. You can, too, make me very happy. Myrtle"—and the words were scarcely more than a whisper—"could you love me, and let me take you under my protection, into the care of my affection? I love you. If I dared hope that you would reciprocate this, I would renounce forever my present associations."

Myrtle quickly wiped away her tears, and

'Mr. Yost, I believe you speak sincerely' (he took the hand which she extended to him, and gazed, like one fascinated, into the large blue eyes). "Whatever you may be, 1 don't care. I shall be glad to retain your friendship; but, do not mention more than that to me tering on Henry Yost; and a crimson flush suf again. I do not deserve that any one should fused her cheeks as the remembrance of her bit care for me. I am nothing-nobody. Do not tell me that you love me; it sounds like mock

the many guardian attentions of a true love. Be my wife. Though you have seen but little of me, you can not mistake my earnestness, I am sure: and-

Myrtle's companions: two strikingly pretty girls who were also employed in the Treasury. In the surprise occasioned by finding a visitor there, they failed to perceive traces of tears on

"Come when you choose, Mr. Yost." Thank you.

Bowing over the hand which he held and

When the door closed after him, Myrtle sunk back into her chair and cried bitterly; first owing to the woe caused by the intelligence of her grandmother's death, and second, because of torturous thoughts that were roused within her by the words of Henry Yost. He-love-me ?" fell from her quivering

lips between sobs; "oh! he does not know what I am; he does not dream who it is to whom he offers his affection. I?-a being unworthy even of the few blessings I derive from my labors. An outcast !- without even a right to claim the name I bear! If my secret was known, I would be an object for the scorn of those around me; the few kind acquaintance who now cheer me, would desert me, flee from me as they would from a viper! Oh! what a wretched girl I am. And why was I ever born to have to endure so much of unhappiness?

And this was the toppling down of that philosophy in which she had told Henry Yost when they met in the sunny afternoon in the grove at Myrtleworth, years before-that contentment could be easily found, if sought for; the delusion of a mind believing that

"Oils of balm in the cloudiest hours, Come, if you seek, in this world of ours." Just then her spirit was crushed in an outburst of despair; it seemed as if her heart would

break under the ordeal of mockery, as she sat there alone, crying out her misery. It was night. In the second story of a certain building not

far from the corner of E street and Pennsylvania avenue, a number of men were seated around a table, absorbed in the game of farothe "Tiger" that has devoured the purses and lives of so many thousands, and then snarled roughly at its victims, as they recoiled in the horrors of their abject ruin. The room was close and warm; the players

were perspiring with the heat of excitement One there was, however, who handled his checks coolly, smiling the same over loss or

gain. Henry Yost.

He had laid aside his shining silk hat; his dark hair was pushed carelessly back from brow and temples: and occasionally he twirled his oiled mustache nonchalantly. He was lucky. His chips multiplied rapidly

antil the piles around his card produced a feeling of envy among the rest.
"Please cash these!" he said, suddenly, pushing the chips toward the dealer.

Receiving his money, he left the table. "Hello, Yost!—in luck to-night," saluted a casual acquaintance, who leaned against the glittering sideboard. Yes; tolerably so."

"By the by," continued the other, with a sly wink, "how about that sweetheart you caught this afternoon?" "I mean that 'Treasury girl.' A gay little

figure she was. I watched you walking up the street with her." Did you?" indifferently.

"What's her name, now-"No matter. I don't care to discuss the

name of a lady here." 'Pshaw! Yost frowned. "Drop the subject," he said, rather sharply.

her grief, affected him deeply.

Presently he started from his seat and advanced to her side. Leaning with one hand on the back of her chair, he said, in a hushed bler's glance as he spoke.

Yost, as he sauntered out into the cool

Yost, as he sauntered out into the cool night air, was thinking of Myrtle.
"I've got nine thousand dollars laid by, now," he mused, aloud, "and here's two more, making eleven. When I get twenty I'll quit the business. And I guess it won't take me long; I always was lucky. Then for Myrtle. By Whatever may have been Yost's failings, he spoke then from the depths of his heart—a modern sinner bending in worship at the shrine of pure, sorrowing woman.

"You are kind, Mr. Yost," sobbed Myrtle.

"Do not feel yourself so utterly lone under the tried Livil January that the street of the stre

The days passed by, and April came—month of pearly showers preceding the flower-festaled

May-time of the Muses. Yost's visits had been frequent at the quiet little house on New York Avenue.

Myrtle almost entirely forgot that she had ever been warned against the one who was now a constant visitor at her humble home; and we must say for the young gambler, that the sentiments which existed in his heart toward the fair girl were of the purest kind. His actions, sprung of sincere motive, brought a wealth of sustaining comfort in her changed and shalowed life.

He loved Myrtle-hoped to win her, as an honest man may seek to win the gem of ideali-ty. His attentions to her were kind, gentle, allys on the alert to render her moments pleasant. But throughout a number of weeks he had never once retouched upon the subject of his de-desires; he seemed more like a brother in the mild curb he placed on the intensity of his allabsorbing passion.

"Oh, to be cherish'd for one's self alone!
To owe the love that cleaves to us to naught
Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
Features and form, high Heaven endow'd us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved!"

Myrtle was not unsusceptible to the kindnesses he lavished upon her. Day by day she found erself growing to like him more; and, indeed, she ofttimes felt a peculiar happiness in his pre-sence and cheerful conversation.

But, her condition could not portend a reciprocation of his love. One night, ere she knelt at her bedside to pray, her thoughts were center portion came upon her.

No-no," she murmured; "it can not be. I must not encourage him to believe that I may But, I mean it, Myrtle—if you could link your destiny with mine? What better time than this?—when you need comforting, and all is waiting patiently for me to give him hope. Ere it is too late, we must separate. I can not be an image of stone, and keep his heart as it now lies, at my feet! For my welfare and his he n sure; and—"
They were interrupted by the entrance of Wayn—" and her voice sunk, and her head drooped slowly in that sudden memory of a past dream. "Once I thought I could be his. But, long ago, I crushed that mad hope from my bosom. Richard Wayn—Richard Wayn—where is he now? Ah! how I used to joy in his promise of return. Let me see—yes—'two years,' he said; but they have gone by. Per-"I will go now," he said. "But, have I your forgotten me. In my trials, Harry has comea welcome, welcome friend; and I might—yes— I might make him a good wife. What crazy no-tions!"—starting and waking from the mood:

'It is impossible. Harry and I must part!" And whatever faint glimmer of sunbeams was held out to her promisingly then, it vanish ed in the effort of her sterner self, under the

gall of an involuntary throe. It was now the night of the fourteenth of the month. Myrtle sat in the little parlor, attired

in her best, apparently waiting to go out.

Her attitude was thoughtful; her blue eyes watched the gas-glow of the stove, in an absent way, and an air of silence reigned around her. There was a sound of carriage-wheels outside then came a pull at the bell. Myrtle answered

The comer was Henry Yost.

"Good-evening—Bijou!"

"Good-evening, Mr. Yost."

"See, Myrtle," he said, as they entered the arlor, "I've brought you a present. You'll ac-

He drew a handsome, green-bound volume from beneath his cape. Myrtle received the book, and read its title

page at once.
"' 'Tom Moore!'" she exclaimed, delightedly You remember, you were saying, the last time I was here, you would like to have it."
"I think that of all the poets his singing is the sweetest !"-enthusiastically.

"And I agree with you in your admiration. But come; are you ready? The carriage is at

"Then we'll be off." They left the house, and were soon speeding away toward Ford's Theater, on Tenth street. The theater was well filled on that memorable night—the fourteenth of April, the attract tion being Taylor's "American Cousin."

The President was expected to be present

and many among the audience were on the qui vive for his appearance. Mr. Lincoln's advent threw Dundreary into a momentary eclipse; but soon the enthusiasm which marked the reception of the Chief Ma-

gistrate quieted, order was restored, and the

play went on well and smoothly. Henry Yost and Myrtle occupied orchestra chairs. She was feeling very happy at the moment; her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure,

and her cheeks blushed like red roses Enjoying it, Bijou?" he asked, when they talked lowly together "Oh, very much. It has been a long time ince I was in such good spirits."

It was a source of gratification to him to note how she partook of the vigor of her surroundng. And he watched her intently, his passionate love growing stronger and stronger in its chains, with the gaze he fastened on that beau-

But the general enjoyment of the evening was doomed to a horrible climax. About half-past ten o'clock.

Trenchard had just flung his caustic repartee after the retiring figure of Madame Montchessington, when suddenly the ears of all were startled by the sharp, whip-like crack of a pis-

"Revenge for the South!" rung out and echoed across dome and corridors in a terrible accent.

A form shot into the air above the stage; it lescended-struck near the footlights; it rose, with a gleaming dagger poised aloft; the next by gaining his new promise to forget her.' moment it was gone.

Then, frowning slightly:

The audience sat riveted. A fearful stillness

The sight of this beautiful girl, weeping in "The party I met this afternoon was a lady. reigned—an ominous calm, in which eyes were staring and hearts stood still.

Then some one shouted the name of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and the cry burst

from a hundred lips, simultaneously. In the wild confusion following the perpetra-tion of the bloody deed—which robbed the country of a noble ruler—Yost turned to Myr-

The young girl sat like a statue in her seat. Her face was of an unearthly paleness, and she was gazing steadfast and strangely at a certain point in the dress circle. Involuntarily, he followed the direction of

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to himself, with a start of surprise, "there's Cora St. Sylvin."

Cora was there, and she had discovered Myrtle's presence at the same time.

But Yost did not know the tall, handsome

man who had risen and was standing at Cora's side—Richard Wayn!

Myrtle saw both. Cora looked rigid in astonishment; Myrtle's features were molded to an indefinable cast; and Richard Wayn, as his eyes fell upon his betrothed of former years, turned white as death.

Yost felt a pull at his sleeve.
"Take me away, Mr. Yost—quick!" gasped Myrtle.

"What ails you, Bijou?—you look sick. There's your sister—" Take me away! Oh, for mercy's sake, let us begone !" He feared she was about to faint. Quickly ending her his support, they left their seats

and hurried out. As they passed along the aisle, two men, who had been sitting in another section of the orchestra, rose to their feet; and one of them, pointing toward the couple, cried to his com-

"See, Mark! Look! There she is—Myrtle! We have found her. After her, before she is They started forward in pursuit. But the crowd became dense, and pushed them back in its excitement; and while fighting their way

through the barrier, Yost and Myrtle disap-peared. On the pavement, outside, the baffled parties paused.

"Too bad!" exclaimed one. "The fates are against us!" It was William Manning.

"But there is still hope," encouraged the

other. "We know, now, that she is in Washington. By constant effort, we may find her again. Hat—look!" Richard Wayn and Cora just then came out. Their carriage was in waiting, and enter-

ing the vehicle, they were driven off in the direction of F street. The two men who stood on the pavement presently moved away toward Pennsylvania avenue.

CHAPTER XXII. SHOWING THE POWER OF WOMAN. THE carriage containing Richard Wayn and

Cora St. Sylvin whirled on, westward, along At Willard's Hotel it turned down the slanting pave, and paused at the ladies' entrance. Wayn accompanied Cora as far as the parlor.

During the short ride, scarce a word passed between them; now he bade her good-night, and would have left her abruptly. But she caught him by the arm, and detained

"Richard," she said, gazing steadily into his eyes, and hesitating. "Well, Cora?" "Where are you going, from here?" "There is great commotion on the street, in consequence of the tragedy at the theater."

"Your answer is no answer at all; it is an evasion. Where are you going, I ask?"
"First, to see what I can learn relative to the assassination; next, to my rooms." Nowhere else?

He did not reply to this. Will you come to me to morrow?"

"You promise?" She was very earnest. For a few seconds neither spoke; still she gazed fixedly at him.

"Richard, you are going out, this minute, to try to find Myrtle. I read it in your face." He started; for Cora had read his intention Do not do it," she added, her fingers tightening on his sleeve. "Even if you succeeded, you would derive no benefit. Did you not give her up, long ago, and transfer your love to me?

Have you not promised me that, when the war is ended, we shall be married? Something tells me that you mean to hunt for Myrtle. jealous. Besides, if you found her, it would result in unhappiness to you. She is married, Married !" "Yes. Did you see the gentleman who went

with her from the theater? He is her hus-"Do you assure me of this?" he asked, in a

"I do. At the breaking out of the war, she

left Myrtleworth, and came north. She met the party you saw with her to-night, and they were married in 1863. I read an announcement of the fact, about two weeks before you finally betrothed yourself to me—it was in one of the Philadelphia papers."
"Myrtle married?" he uttered, lowly.

"Promise me, now, that you will not seek "If this be true, then I promise." "It is true-" "I confess, Cora, I felt badly when I saw Myrtle. It sent a throe to my heart, as if I had, for the first time, awakened to a sense of my dishonorable treatment of her. But if she is the wife of another, she has blotted me from her memory, and it would be better for us not to meet. I promise you—as I promised on a former occasion-that I will think no more of

her. And now, good-night."

He started to leave her. But she still held "Without a kiss, Richard?"-reprovingly. He drew her to him in a warm embrace, and printed a lover's kiss on the upturned lips.

Then he was gone. Cora stood alone in the rich parlor, after his departure. Her head was half bowed, and her mind was agitated by thoughts the reverse of pleasant.

In the years that had elapsed, she had grown more beautiful in womahood. She was taller, stouter; there was an exquisite grace in her movements; her general appearance was one

of regal elegance. How unfortunate," she mused, aloud, "that Myrtle should appear to him! I had a hard struggle to win him; and the occurrences of tonight very nigh crushed all the success my plans have thus far met with. But for my ready fibbing-or what may be, after all, no fibbing-he would have sought Myrtle, asked her to forgive his recreancy; and, no doubt, she would have received him into her heart as of old. However, why need I worry myself about it? I have blocked the risks, I guess,

"Why must Richard Wayn delay our mar-

With a start and a quick glance about to see if there could be a listener to her thoughts, she hastened up to her room.

Richard Wayn left the hotel and took his way down Pennsylvania avenue, in an unsettled frame of mind.

The city upon every side was mournful, in the agony of the hour. The wail of a horrified people seemed to

murmur through the solemn atmosphere; and the wires of telegraph were flashing over the whole country the news of the atrocious crime which robbed a nation of its official head—where had centered the profoundest respect, veneration, hope, and universal good-will of millions of hearts.

Like a feat of magic, Washington was encircled by military guards-cavalry and infantry—pickets on the watch for him who had by his dastardly deed proclaimed himself the foe of both the North and South; and detectives, on horse and foot, were scouring in every direction, working with the stern ardor of men far

more than merely shocked or angry.

But quick as had been the distribution of the soldiery, active as were the sleuth-hounds of an avenging law, the daring assassin slipped be-tween the network set for his capture, and the hoofs of the horse that bore him thundered across the bridge to Anacostia—the fleeing murderer dashed through lone and sleepy Iniontown, on, on, with the speed of the wind

into the spectral roads of the country beyond!
Richard Wayn paid little heed to the excitement prevailing. He walked slowly on; and he was thinking of the pale, pain-molded face he had seen at the theater—thinking of Myrtle, and the time of his early love.

He was uneasy in his very soul; he felt the sharp sting of a rebuking conscience, as he re-called the day when he had promised both himself and Myrtle, to return and wed her at the expiration of two years.

And we see that Cora St. Sylvin had suc-

ceeded but too well in her scheme to win the troth-allegiance of Richard Wayn. She had met him in Philadelphia, and im-

mediately set to work with all the artfulness of a designing woman to accomplish the ambition of her unbridled passions. Leading him gradually but sure from the at

first firm integrity of principle, Cora ultimately attained the triumph of her desires; brought the fascinated man to an ardent avowal of affection, and accepted his proposal of marriage. The wedding was to be deferred, however, until the country should relapse into the calm quiet of peace, when he would be able to re-cover the most valuable of his property in Vir-

Richard did not sleep well when he retired on that eventful night. All he could do or strive, slumber would not come to his eyelids.

There was a strange heat and throbbing in his brain; and toward daylight—in the hushed hour and solemn darkness—his lips murmured; "Did Cora speak the truth when she told me Myrtle was married?" Followed by a deep

sigh, and:
"Well, if it is so, I hope she is happy. she is not a wife, and Cora has spoken falsely
—even then it would be useless for me to return to her. I am unworthy of her love after acting as I have. I almost wish that Cora had never lived—or that I had never seen her!'
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

## Bookworm and Butterfly.

BY CORA CHESTER.

ANY thing in the way of flirtations here,

Beth Lonsdale took her snowy hands from the bread she was kneading and opened two hazel eyes in surprise. Why, Nan, surely you wouldn't do such a

"Surely I would, then, Miss Innocence. Come, name over the eligibles and I'll prepare

for conquest.' 'Well, there is the Rev. Mr. Bliss." "Ugh, I detest ministers!"
"Then, there's the Professor."

"Worse and worse. I hate literary men!"
"Well, there's John."

"Oh, I'd only have to confess to an ignominious defeat. We all know John's heart is impregnable since somebody has taken possession.

Beth's rosy face left one in no doubt as to who that somebody was. "Literally all?" inquired Nan, laconically.
"Literally all. I'm afraid you'll have to give

up for want of victims.' Nan dropped her worsted work, yawned, and, walking to the little vine-covered window, stood gazing down the dusty village street. What she saw there caused her to rush back to

Beth with flushed face. "Oh, Beth, you little fraud! Why, a perfect Adonis has just passed, so handsome and stylish! Who in the name of all that's enchanting is

"Can you give a little more accurate descrip-

tion? I fail to recognize your hero. "As if Lakeview or any other place could contain two such perfect specimens of the genus 'A face and form where every god hath set his seal to give the world assurance of a man? He will be coming back soon, Beth, dear, and do wash off that horrid dough and come out for a game of croquet. Do, that's a

So Beth, half-smothered with hugs and kisses, consented against her better judgment, and willful Nan had her way, as she generally did. And so it happened, naturally enough, that

when Alfred Lascar passed the cottage gate again he stopped at sight of Nan's flushed, bewitching face, and lifted his hat with profound respect to Miss Beth, whom he had often pronounced a country dowdy, and who until now had never been claimed as more than a distant acquaintance of the haughty Lascars, the creme de la creme of Lake View society

Croquet is recovering all its olden charms, Miss Lonsdale, when such lovely ladies deign to amuse themselves with it. I feel as the man must who was always having a peep at other men's flower-gardens during his solitary pere- the smallest bug, why have you none for the grinations. A glimpse of paradise over this gate, and yet I dare not enter without the permission of the guardian angel."

victims of a larger growth you daily slaughter? You pin their hearts to your toilet cushion and laugh over their sufferings. Are human buttermission of the guardian angel."

"Croquet is very tame no doubt to you blase men after fast horses and billiards; but, if you would join our game, we should be most hapfibbed Beth, a trifle stiffly, in answer to

py," fibbed Beth, a Thanks, dear Miss Lonsdale," and he was "Thanks, dear Miss Lonsdale," and he was before Beth could advance to un-

"Nannette, Mr. Lascar, Mr. Lascar, Miss

glances. Poor unsophisticated little Beth looked on in surprise as pretty society compliments and glances flew about with greater velocity than the balls. She was not sorry when two figures left the college opposite and crossed

over to their gate.
"Ah, Professor, are your duties over? Come in, won't you?" Then to the other gentleman: 'Didn't think you could come so early, John. No doubt your prophetic soul told you what a welcome addition you would be to our game."
"The game that two can play at?" inquired

John, with a roguish, significant glance at Las-

car and Nan.
"Oh, any number are permitted to join!"
Nan took time from her flirtation to dart a

the cause perhaps. Professor, your ball is waiting to be put in

He captured the ugly thing in his handker-chief and hurried breathlessly across the street without further adieux.

"What a boor," sneered Nan. "Is that erratic gentleman a specimen of the geniuses of Lake View?"

"Oh, he's no kind of a fellow," drawled Lascar. "Don't trust yourself to his tender mercies, I beg of you, Miss Gerard. Why, it's reported among the boys, and it's actually a fact, that he took a young lady riding last winter, left her for a few moments, and came across an aerolite near the hotel. Instantly a divine madness seized him. He forgot all about the lady, clasped the rock to his bosom, and drove home minus the fair one. He rushed into college with flying hair and staring eyes, deposited his treasure on the library floor with many injunctions to us boys to keep hands off, commenced a learned discussion with Prof. Beck on astronomy, and then memory resumed 'her sway in his distracted globe.' He suddenly clapped his hands to his head, and, with a wild: 'By George, I've left her!' was off like a flash. When he reached the hotel the lady was waiting patiently about (a la Mary's little lamb), and he trumped up some story that satisfied her no doubt. But the joke was too good to keep, and it leaked out. The lady has since

turned her smiles in another quarter."

Nan laughed at this episode, declared she detested musty old bookworms, and during the week which followed forgot all about the Professor and his oddities.

A week later, during a ramble in the woods he was forced upon her notice, or rather she

was forced upon his.

She had been gathering a bouquet of wild flowers, and was preparing to turn homeward when some trailing arbutus, hanging far down on the rocks below, attracted her attention. Willful in this as in all else, Nan declared to herself that she must have them, and prepared accordingly for descent. She stepped cautious-ly downward, keeping hold of some bushes, when a voice above cried out: For Heaven's sake, Miss Gerard, be care-

Then her foot slipped, the bushes gave way, and after a dreadful sensation of going down,

down, she knew no more. When she awoke to consciousness her head was upon the Professor's knee, and the Professor was bathing her forehead with his large handkerchief.

She raised herself, a trifle indignant; sat up, and then tried to stand up, but found her foot limp and helpless, and fell to the ground again

with a cry of pain. "I want to go home," sobbed Nan, like a spoiled child, "and I can't. What shall I do?" Then, with a sullen change from fretfulness to

"Heavens! Where did these horrid beetles come from? Oh, take them off! Take them

off, I say!"

The Professor smiled; but, seeing her terror was not assumed, looked really distressed.

"I—I beg pardon, Miss Nannette, I forgot all about the beetles! Now I remember I did tie them up in my handkerchief, but I was so facil and a recover that I ran for water. afraid you'd never recover that I ran for water, took the first thing that came to hand, and the horrid things slipped my memory." Then, with a sigh that touched Nan's really good heart:
"I never can please ladies, Miss Nannette; I

don't know how. I always blunder and make them hate me. But, if you will be kind enough to express your wishes I will be happy to put myself under your command for a few hours." "Only for a few hours?" laughed Nan, with a coquettish, upward glance. Her old love of flirting was not crushed with her foot.

"For all time if you wish it," answered her companion, with a glance of unusual ardor. "I would only prove a nuisance instead of a protector through such a life journey as you will take. Will those pinions of yours ever tire, child? Will your gilded wings ever be

soiled with the dust and sorrows of our work-aday world?"
"I never express my 'pinions," answered Nan, with a miserable attempt at a pun. Then, catching a mischievous gleam in his usually

grave eyes: "Now you're laughing at me for my folly, and are thinking, no doubt, what a ridiculous object I make in my soiled ruffles and wet dress. You look down upon me from the Olympian hights of your learning, but I am happy just as I am. I haven't a thought above flirta-tions and ruffles, and delight in all the follies of the age. People of brains may read all their days if they like, but I delight to run out, romp around, pick flowers and ride horseback. Why, it would spoil all the fun if I had to pull all these spring beauties apart, give them all hide-ous Latin names, and press their poor little lives out in some herbarium. Then I think it's cruel to kill bugs. God made them, and their little lives are of as much value to them as ours are to us. I never hate you so much as when I see you stick a pin through some beautiful in-

She ended her tirade, flushed and breathless, and sat regarding him half-defiantly.
"You plead their case well, Nannette, but it

is in the cause of science; I would not needlessly hurt them. You have so much pity for

He bowed again profoundly to Beth, but shot an admiring glance into Nan's gray eyes as he spoke.

"Croquet is very tame no doubt to you blase "Croquet is very tame no doubt to you blase" "You are getting obscure, Professor, and I can't follow. Our discussion on entomology would only be a one-sided affair, and I don't feel in the mood to be taught this morning. The question now is, how shall I get home The butterfly's wings are broken and we must

think of some way of carrying her."

The Professor looked grave, listened a few over the gate before Beth could advance to unlated it.

In an included grave, instelled a rew and included grave, instelled grave, instelled a rew and included grave, instelled gr

In a short time he returned, accompanied by

Mr. Lascar professed himself delighted and begged for the pleasure of a game with Miss Gerard, which the young lady granted with many smiles, dimples and dangerously sweet when the Professor hailed me to come to the rescue of youth and beauty. How can I ever repay him for the kindness? Permit me, Miss

And before Nan knew what they were about, they had half-lifted, half-carried her up the rocks to Mr. Lascar's carriage. The Professor tucked the robes about her, hoped to see her again soon, and lifted his hat as they drove off.
"Lucky I came along," laughed Lascar. "If
that old muff had caught sight of a curious

specimen during your dialogue your chances of rescue would have been over." "I think you misjudge the gentleman," faltered Nan. Somehow she could not join in a

laugh against him, just then.
"Perhaps he found you such an interesting glance at the Professor. That gentleman was bending nearly double in the road, regarding a small bug with an interest disproportioned to look in his black eyes. "I see he has found one fair champion; forgive me if I have of-

fended.' Nan, too weary to quarrel, lay back in the "Eh, what? Ob, to be sure. Excuse me, Miss Lonsdale, I beg of you. I must take this curious specimen and add to my collection. Venantes tubicolate. Odd I never met with it bechord in Lascar's well-worn heart. Before she could realize it he had declared his love and egged for a return.

Visions of wealth and splendor flitted before Nan's eyes. What a position his wife would hold in the world of fashion! What a fine thing to rule as one of the queens of society But, did she love this man?

They had reached Beth's gate, and Nannette had just time to whisper "yes," when Beth herself flew out at the unusual sight of Nan in Nan felt his kiss upon her cheek, watched him drive off as one in a dream, then gave her-

Instantly a self up to Beth's petting and nursing.

That evening the Professor called and found Nan in white wrapper playing the interesting role of invalid. She was more capricious than ever, but all her stinging darts seemed to fall harmless from the Professor's coat of mail.

"Why don't you take one of those dear little."

"Why don't you take one of those dear little cottages opposite, Professor?" asked Beth, with a mischievous laugh.
"Now, Miss Beth, that's too bad. You know only the Benedicts of the Faculty are

permitted those abodes of bliss. We poor bachelors must content ourselves with uncomfortable boxes of attic rooms. I've often thought how happy the occupants of those dear little houses must be. But, what young lady of these days would settle down to them when fine young fellows with brown-stone mansions are so plenty?" Beth answered John's inquiring glance with

as loving a one, which said as plainly as words that one little woman would never weigh love in the same scale with a brown-stone mansion Poor, self-torturing Nan saw the loving glance of perfect confidence, and it roused her to an angry feeling against them all. Did they know that she had sold herself for gold that they kept harping on such sentimental trash as love and

She looked up just in time to see that the Professor was watching her with a light in his dark eyes she had never seen there before. It startled her, but she rallied, and exclaimed with a bitter little laugh:

"What nonsense you children are talking! "Poor love in a cottage is hungry, And your vine is a nest of flies; Your milk-maid shocks the graces And Simplicity talks of pies!"

"Those cottages are horrid little boxes, and as for the wives of the Professors, they must be just miserable! Ugh! just think once, Beth, of wearing stiff silks, and spectacles, reading Locke on the Human Understanding' for light reading, and being made love to in the dead languages! No, my dear young friends, love in a cottage is a myth.

"Give me a ly flirtation,
'Neath the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near!"

"And Mr. Lascar to play the devoted, no doubt," added the Professor, dryly. "Well, I confess I admire your taste and good sense, Miss Gerard. These two here are dreaming Love's young dream, but you and I know it is a lelusion they'll awaken from some day.

"If this is a dream, God grant we may never awake!" said John, and Beth added softly,

Nan often sat and dreamed of her future as Alfred Lascar's wife, and pictured to herself many times the grand wedding, glittering presents, and crowded receptions. But, somehow, she never thought of him at all. Other eyes than his haunted her, and a grave, sad face

floated between her and happiness.

Three days had passed since her accident, and still Mr. Lascar had not paid his devoirs. The fourth, Beth came in breathless with news. 'Oh, Nan, the lovelïest suit just passed! New York lady had it on, and I know it's from Paris. So Frenchy, and Mr. Lascar looked as if he admired the dress as well as the owner. Miss Lutrell, just returned from abroad. They have been engaged two years, and the wedding is to come off in the fall. She is enormously wealthy, so it will be a grand affair, I

Engaged-who?" faltered Nan, feeling as if her future were slipping away from her.
"Why, Mr. Lascar and Miss Lutrell, you inat-

tentive little goose That night Mr. Lascar called, and was received haughtily by Miss Gerard. That of course increased the intense love he had grown to feel for her. He was naturally selfish and calculating, but calculation had all been forgotten in the strength of this all-absorbing pas-For the moment he was its slave.

Nannette, darling, have you forgot our last meeting? Are you going to drive me wild with your coldness?"
"I do not flatter myself that I have the

power, Mr. Lascar, you attribute to me. As for our last interview, the sooner it is forgotten the better. I have heard of your approaching wedding, so all attentions you may pay me in the future, I shall regard as insults." Then, seeing he was about to speak, "No more words are needed between us. Love protestations weary

me. "I do not care for my fiancee, Nan; I hate her! I love you. Surely you will not turn me off for a virtuous notion. You love me."

"Oh, the egotism of you lords of creation," laughed Nan. "Relieve your mind, Mr. Lascar. I do not love you, and please to oblige me by getting off your knees. It is flattering, but inconvenient. Here comes Miss Lonsdale."

"Curse Miss Lonsdale." muttered Lascar be.
"Curse Miss Lonsdale." muttered Lascar be.

"Curse Miss Lonsdale," muttered Lascar between his teeth, forgetting his assumed character of gentleman in his irritation, " and curse all such heartless flirts as yourself.

Then reading aright the scorn and indigna-tion flashing from Nan's eyes, he made his escape just as Beth entered. Nan sat alone in the gathering twilight; soft tears of real feeling wetting her eyes, when a familiar step sounded on the gravel outside, and difference,

en Espagne in the dark? I am going to give a lecture to the Sophomores this evening, and they are all waiting in the lecture-room. I just ran over to look up a knotty point in one of Miss Beth's old books. I will intrude but a few mo-ments while I search the bookcase? I am in such a hurry.

"You never intrude," faltered Nan, in a strangely subdued voice, "and I want to beg your pardon for all the hateful things I've said to you and about you.

The Professor stared, left his book and advanced to her chair. "Don't beg my pardon, little one. You have wounded unintentionally; I never thought you

He took her two hands in his, and caught the gleam of tears in her eyes. Perhaps he saw something else there, too, for he forgot all about his hurry, and the Sophomores waited while their absent-minded Professor told Nan just how dearly he loved her.

Nan has come to the conclusion that profesors' wives are not the objects of pity she once thought them; and although she has not adopted the stiff, rustling silks and spectacles pecuiar to the consorts of the Faculty, she bids fair to do so in time.

At present she sits in the door of one of the horrid cottages, and is occupied in curling ba-by's golden hair over her fingers, whispering soft nonsense in her tiny ears, and searching the depths of her wonderful eyes. A pretty poem her husband had read to her the evening before flitted through her mind, and she quoted aloud " 'Where did you get those eyes of blue ?' "

" 'Out of the skies as I came through,'" inswered a laughing voice over her shoulder, "What makes your face so sober, little one? Puzzling out a problem in Euclid?"

"As if I would dare attempt any thing so profound! No; I was trying to solve the probem of baby's life. What shall we make of her, Lawrence? You like women of sense and adgment. Shall we have her a bleu, with eyes olled to the stars in meditation, spectacles, and orkscrew curls?"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us! crossing himself with mock solemnity. "No we'll have her that most bewitching of her sex -a butterfly. They make the best wives, after

"Not always," laughed Nan. "It takes bitter experience to teach us that we have hearts. But if you will it that baby shall be a butterfly then I will look out for a bookworm to mate her with. Butterflies of fashion must be chained to the earth, or their silly, brilliant wings will lead them into eternal darkness, after their frivolous, misspent lives shall have passed.

### Gold or Dross?

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

LINNIE HARRISON sat by the table in her own room, one dimpled elbow resting upon the table's marble top, and a dimpled hand supporting her pretty chin.

Her brown eyes gazed through the open window with a far-away look in their translucent depths, and before her lay two open letters.

One of them was most exquisitely gotten up

and the name, signed with an excruciating flourish, was "Augustus Fitz-James Howard. The other was written in a plain, bold hand, and bore the simple name, "John Brough."

"Ah, what shall I say?" sighed Linnie. "I don't know which I like the best. Gus Howard

is so handsome and stylish—and he does read poetry so charmingly—but, somehow, I feel as f he wouldn't do to trust. John Brough isn't handsome one bit—but then he is so good and

true! What shall a poor girl do?"

"Miss Linnie!" This from a little darkey

"Miss Linnie!" This from a little darkey

Let us, therefore, say a word as to the way Linnie, your uncle Tom want dis ebenin's in which skin-painting, or enameling, must in-

paper."
"Well, take it, Sam; here it is. No-wait a Linnie paused, with the paper in her hand,

reading the paragraph which caught her eye. She looked up, with a sudden light in her sweet "Sam, you can go. I'll take this to uncle

Tom myself," said she.
The small darkey dodged out, and Linnie went slowly down to the parlor.
"Uncle Tom," said she, "I see here that the Bank has failed. Is it true?"

"Quite true, Linnie. A dead failure. Won't pay five cents on the dollar." "Well, uncle Tom, isn't some of my money invested in that bank?"

A little ; yes.' " I'll lose it, then ?" "Yes. But it isn't over a thousand dollars. You will hardly miss it. Don't worry over it-

the rest is all safe." "Oh, I don't care much. I only wanted to Miss Linnie went back to her room, and sent a short note to both her suitors, inviting Mr.

Gus Howard to call at six and Mr. Brough at eight, to receive her answer in person. Punctually at six o'clock Mr. Augustus Fitz-James Howard came smiling in, in spotless necktie and immaculate gloves, wearing an air of complacent expectation, like one sure of suc-

Linnie gave him her hand with a sober face. "Before I answer your letter, Mr. Howard," said she, "I must tell you the bad news I have

heard to-day. "Ah, bad news? How sorry I am! Not lost a friend, I hope?"
"Not friends, Mr. Howard, but property."

Gus Howard's countenance fell, and he inquired anxiously:
"Indeed? Not serious, I hope, Miss Lin-

"Judge for yourself, Mr. Howard. Uncle Tom had invested for me in the bank which failed to-day, and I lose every dollar—every

cent. I am sorry, but I thought it best to tell you before we entered into any engagement." Oh, ah, yes, certainly, Miss Linnie! are quite correct. I am sorry to hear this, indeed I am. Now, if I had a fortune it couldn't make the smallest difference, but—but—"
"But as you haven't it would not be prudent

to marry a poor girl," put in Linnie, as he hesi-Howard looked curiously at her, for he hard-

ly liked the tone of her voice, but she looked very calm and sweet, so he said :

you would." This time Mr. Howard was quite positive her tone was rather sarcastic. Anxious to end an interview which began to grow unpleasant, he surd, and, until late years, incredible.

d:
There is another reason why enameling should not be resorted to. It alters the original ter end between us?"

a figure she had grown to look for stood in the all had better end at once."

are, indeed, Miss Linnie, and I'm sorry to lose you. But it can't be helped, I suppose?"
"Oh, no, it can't be helped, Mr. Howard!"

Linnie's manner kept making Mr. Augustus Fitz-James Howard more and more uncomfortable, so he bowed himself and his regrets out as soon as he could

The very moment he was gone, Linnie stood in the center of the parlor, a perfect embodiment of flashing scorn and indignation.

"There!" she cried, her scarlet mouth quivering, "I see the stuff he's made of! But I couldn't bear to see John Brough show himself like this! No, I won't see it. I'll write a note and tell him to answer it, instead of coming."

There Miss Linnie broke down and began to cry with all her might. And if she had studied herself a little more, I don't think she need have taken the trouble to test her lovers at all. She went up to her room, and hastily wrote a note to John Brough, telling him what she

An hour later, as she sat waiting for his answer, word was brought to her that he was in

Trembling nervously, she went down. John Brough advanced to meet her with the note in 'I have just received this," said he, "and I

felt so troubled I could not stay away. Forgive me for coming, but oh, Linnie, can nothing be done?" There were tears in John Brough's eyes, and

there were tears in Linnie's as she replied, "No, nothing, I fear." John Brough hesitated a moment, then he

put his arm around Linnie's shoulders, and gently drew her to his broad breast.

"Forgive me, dear," he whispered; "if you were still rich, I would not dare do this until you gave me the sweet right, but when I see you have me the sweet right, but when I see you in trouble, I forget every thing but that I want to comfort you. Oh, Linnie, darling, if you lose every thing else in the world, you can not lose my love! You can not lose that, dearest!"

And Linnie-well, Linnie just flung her arms about John's neck, and sobbed out:
"Oh, John, I don't want to lose it!"

For the next hour-oh, such a happy hour! —I should not dare repeat all they said. But at last John said, suddenly: Dearest, I am letting our happiness make

me forget your troubles. Is it true that you have lost quite every thing?" And Linnie actually blushed as she answered, "John, I have hardly lost any thing."

"How is it, then? I don't understand," said he. So then Linnie, sheltering her sweet face from his gaze upon his bosom, confessed to honest John how she had tested both Howard

and himself, and begged him to forgive her for not being willing to trust him without a test.

"So, that was it?" said he, raising her face with his hand until he could look into her eyes. Well, if you were not so sweet and so sorry I

believe in me now, don't you?"
"Oh, yes, John! I know the gold from the dross now, and you are the pure, pure gold, and I-She stopped, and John bent lower. "And

you—what, dear?"
"Love you!" she whispered, with a rush of And she loves him yet, though they have been wedded for three years. What Gus Howard thought, nobody knew nor cared, for he was nothing but dross, and of no value to any-

Enameling the Face.—It has been the fash-ion to enamel. We do not mean to say that ladies use enamel when promenading the streets, but they do so when attending balls, the opera, etc. This fact is as undeniable, under the present reign of fashion, as the use of

terfere with the functions which nature has given to the skin to perform. Were enamel ever so innocent, chemically, it must, when applied to the skin, become a poison; but how much more harmful if chemically noxious? A pigment laid upon the skin is necessarily poisonous in its results, even

though not coming under the usual category of Greek, Roman and Assyrian ladies used ceruse, white lead, and a variety of other poisons on the skin. Black antimony was in ordinary use by Hebrew and Egyptian ladies, to darken the eyebrows and eyelids. But this preparation

is not, strictly speaking, a poisonous one.

The process of skin-enameling begins with a medicated bath. Pimples and excrescences must be removed—this is, in itself, excessively dangerous; then all wrinkles must be filled up. Veneering, or enameling, follows; then the addition of color on the cheeks, and lastly, a glazing of the whole face, cheeks and arms, which last act prevents the damaging of the

The effect of the medicated bath is to soften, brighten, and purify the skin, and if the bath be continued, all pimples or excrescences disap-Some French women, when subjected to this

process, have been so desirous of being made "beautiful forever," that they have submitted to having pimples shaved from their faces with The next process is the filling in of wrinkles unsightly peculiarities—with paste, which constitutes a foundation for the white, flesh-

olored, or slightly yellow-toned enamel The enamel itself is composed of white Japanese vegetable wax, one part; levigated oriental pearls, two parts; glycerine, four parts; all melted together in a golden pot, and stirred with a platinum ladle. When sufficiently cool, this preparation is laid on with a soft silk rag,

and soon resembles a French polish. The above preparation is the only real Paris enamel, and is very costly.

When the surface of this enamel becomes dry, a tinge of rouge is added. The latter is harmless, but liquid rouge is highly irritant, being a kind of vinegar, frequently creating sores that may become ulcers. This is due not only that may become ulcers. This is due not only to the rouge itself, but to the fact that it is

rubbed on leaving a yellow mark, called by the physicians a surfeit.

All imitations of the real enamel are injurious to the skin. Oriental pearl can not be attained by every purse; and many paltry enamels offered by various druggists to a credulous public are likely to alter the original beauty

of the skin. In fine, although the real enamel is used by some, and imitation articles by others, a more foolish practice can scarcely exist, for the enamel face never changes its expression. It must remain statue-like. Let the actress enamel if she will, but that ladies, and especially young

"Oh, yes, I think so," answered Linnie, promptly. "If I were rich it need not make any horself will scarcely be recognized. After prepromptly. "If I were rich it need not make any difference, but being poor—oh yes, Mr. Howard, or she will scarcely be recognized. After presenting the appearance of a beautiful wax doll,





Published every Monday morning at nine o'cloc

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1873.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all Newsdealers in the United State and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a new

One copy, four months one year
Two copies, one year

ons, subscriptions, and letters on business, show BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

In the coming number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be given the initial chapters of

The Powerful Novel BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

#### TADA SOVIZIONE THE CREOLE WIFE;

The Cousin's Scheme! A love and heart romance-a tale of wrong, per fidy and revenge-a story of sorrow, suffering and sacrifice—a revelation of a girl's beautiful life and an injured mother's high resolve-all these are involved in the development, progress and consummation of

THIS SPLENDID PRODUCTION of this popular author's pen. Mrs. Burton's talent for plot and action has been happily illustrated in her previous works-her "Madame Durand's Proteges," "Adria, the Adopted," "Coral and Ruby," "Strangely Wed," "Cecil's Deceit," etc, have given her a commanding position as a novelist; while her conception of character and personal peculiarities is so minute and true to life that each individual introduced seems like a special study These attributes are all eminently apparent in this new story, which is of that intense personal interest that no reader will care to lose a line of

The Creole Wife, The Proud Husband.

The Lucifer of the Hearth. The Son of Lucifer, The Mock Wife, The Speculator's Foe,

The Brave Daughter, The Foiled Detective,

are the main actors in a drama that serves to illustrate the power for evil of one intriguing na ture and the unhappiness sure to spring from credulity and suspicion. It is a good-an impressive -a very impressive story-one that we delight to publish and that readers will delight to read and

### Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.-The Nokomis Gazette makes a proper suggestion when it advises, in regard to obtaining er to save them a copy regularly; of the paper. der very close to their sales, the call for a few extra copies sometimes exhausts their supply beto your dealer, and thus have him retain your The new postal law forbidding us longer to re

ceive our exchanges free of postage compels us to overhaul the exchange list, which it has been a great pleasure to us to serve, for several year past. A paper like the SATURDAY JOURNAL of course can make no use of exchanges, as it has no "scissoring" to do-its matter all being original The exchange, therefore, was given for fellowship's sake, but must now be discontinued for rea sons apparent to our friends of the press. Th law suppressing the free passage of any mail matter is so good in its general effect that we can not grumble at the provision cutting off free "ex changes;" and we think the country press gene rally, that now finds the order rather annoying will approve of the principle involved.

-We are almost daily amused at the tribula tions of those impracticable and short-sighted people who see no good in any kind of literature but that which is "serious." Nothing that is fic titious pleases them. A "story" is somethin frightful-a novel something abominable. And yet, when you mention Æsop's Fables, Christ's Parables, Pilgrim's Progress and Sunday-school Tales," they say: "Oh, they are proper enough because they are good." Now, however, we are told that they are not all good-that much of the Sunday-school literature is fiction, and "sensa tional" at that!" The Sunday-school Workman, for instance, arraigns their book list thus:

"One characteristic of the novel is a taking title-for instance, something like the following: "The Three Bage of Gold;" "The Emerald Necklace;" "The Diand Brooch;" "The Gold Hunters;" "Chip, the Cave Child;" "Tim, the Scissors-grinder;" "The Red-Cross Knight;" "The Frontier Angel :" "Slim Jack, the Cir. Boy;" "Leonard, the Lion Heart;" "Laughing Eyes," and "Tom Tracy of Brier Hill."

Are these the names of novels, or of Sunday-school Six of them are taken from late catalogues of books for Sunday-school libraries, and six from the catalogue of "Beadle's Dime Novels," and, unless you are very familiar with one or the other of these lists, I defy you to tell me which is novel and which is library book.

The Dime Novel readers will readily pick out from this list the secular and unsecular or professedly moral. Out of the entire Dime Novel list of three hundred books you will find no such title or stories as "Slim Jack, the Circus Boy," and "Tim, the Scissors-grinder." The Dime Novels aim at something better than exhibitions of low life; and we think the Workman is doing a rather ornel thing in showing up this discrepancy.

The writer in the Workman gives us the following information as the result of his experiences and examinations in the matter of Sunday-school Libraries:

"Of the lists of the Sunday-school Union, about onehalf are fictitious stories. Of the publications of the Carters, more than three-fourths are of the same unreal The plots of many of these vivacious tales are of the most approved modern pattern. There is the invariable good boy or girl, who is persecuted without machinery run by steam power, very compli-

boys or girls; and that is, the hero or heroine is happily fortable home, with from one to six children, more vir- fortune. tuous than their parents."

After this exhibit we much fear that those wellmeaning censors who heartily disapprove of DIME Novels, and the story papers generally, will have to overhaul their Proscribed List and include the books of the Carters and of the Sunday-school Union; or, failing to do this, must, in consistency, give the DIME Novels the precedence, to which, as stories, they certainly are entitled.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Is there any thing equal to mother-love? Has there ever been a love purer and more un-selfish than that of a mother? Can we ever, and do we ever, repay such a love as hers' When we are not doing as we ought, it is the gentle chiding of a mother that should turn us way from following the broad path. If she tells us of our shortcomings—and have we not many of them?—we think her notions oldfashioned, and as belonging to other days and past ages.

We consider ourselves as being perfectly able to take charge of ourselves—poor, silly, inconsistent creatures that we are—and think that our mothers wish to stand in our light and crush all thoughts of pleasure out of our hearts. It is downright wicked for us to have such thoughts and talk in such a nonsensical manner; but we do, for all that. We are very wrong—very, very far in the wrong; for a true mother-and, Heaven be thanked, there are but few mothers of the other kind-does all she can for our advancement and our good; she sacrifices for us more than we know or can ever repay her for. When we are young and helpless, it is she who deprives herself of rest on our account, and how can we be so unwilling as not to heed her words? If her advice is good, why should we care how "old-fashioned"

A man who will, through all the buffetings and temptations of this life, still hold in his heart the love for his mother, is a man to be trusted; but that man who either ridicules or speaks lightly of her who gave him birth, can not be a man of honor or purity, and I want had no respect for his mother, he wouldn't have any for those of her sex, so let him go anywhere save to the homestead of the Law-

less family. When I went to school, a little boy attended it, and the name of his mother was almost always on his tongue upon every occasion; many made this the occasion for sport, and used to remark about his being "tied to his mother's apron-strings." I didn't—you know I generally go contrary to everybody else; I honored him for it, and had the rest of my schoolmates loved their parents as much as he did his, I wouldn't wonder if they had grown up less callous than they did. To see a mother eaning on the arm of her son is a sight beautiful enough for an artist to paint; is it not an exemplification of the divine command, "Honor thy parents?"

When away from home, is it not the mother who is most missed and pined for, and on the sick-bed in the hospital, is not that sweetest of all words, "Mother," heard from the lips of the poor invalid? They well know how to hold uch a love 'gainst their hearts, and it is not in their natures to let it grow cold from lack of remembrance.

And when mother is ill, what a void seems to be in the house, and how the clock-work ma-chinery of the household seems to run down! The children miss her deft fingers as she was certain stories in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, that wont to put up their dinners in the little tin readers should give their orders to their newsdeal pail, for recess at school, and the goodies formed by other hands can not begin to compare with those of the mother. At meal-times, her We multiply conveniences, comforts, and arts, presence is missed at the table, and the food for living, but it appears that we are inclined to once eaten with pleasure seems now to choke fore regular readers can call for their paper. It is one. But when she recovers, and goes once well, therefore, to give a definite order beforehand, more upon her round of accustomed duties, every thing seems to brighten up, and we think we can never do too much for her; we are not going to allow her to overexert herself any more; it is always going to be a pleasure for us to execute her slightest wish and do all in our power to render her life a happier one and more free from toil than it has been. What a pity good resolutions fade away when they ought to last forever, and what shameless mor als are we to forget that we ever made them!

When mother has gone forever, and we wake up to the reality that her voice is still and mute, it is then too late to wish we had done as we should; but to you, who have your mother yet with you, it is not too late to love and cherish her—to hold her to your heart and let her know the love she gives you is re-

Do these words find an echo in your heart, dear reader? Eve has written them because she has seen so much ingratitude on the part of children toward their mothers, when those same mothers would have willingly laid down their lives for them. If it is a new fashion for you to ignore the wishes of your mother, then I vote for the dear, good old fashion of love and respect for mother. Who will agree with EVE LAWLESS. me there?

## Foolscap Papers.

### The Vienna Exposition.

HERE I am in Vienna! I am sure it is me. have looked in the looking-glass and I am willing to swear that it is the same fellow who has gone under my name, contracted my debts, and worn my clothes since the day I was born but I had a hard time getting here. I started over in my imagination, but it broke down and left me in the middle of the Atlantic, and a good way from home; then I chartered a clipper-built shark, but he soon gave out; next I mounted a billow and rode several days on it, and finally reached land by diving down and walking on the bottom of the sea several hundred miles. I had many narrow escapes from drowning, and got my feet wet frequently Traveling on my ear sometimes and on my muse, and partly on railroads and partly on tick. I reached this city and engaged board with the

emperor, at five dollars a week, washing extra As my mission was to describe the American Department of the Great Exposition, I take my class of beer in hand-I mean my pen in hand to inform you that it is well, and in a few months will be able to be out. Indeed, this de partment will out-Vienna other in the Exposition, and I am never so patriotically proud of my native land as when I go up and down these avenues with a coat made out of an American flag, and the cap of Liberty on my head, and see the magnificent display from over the heav-

ing sea-I think that's what they call it. Here in this corner is a magnificent set of the story, in the person of a very bad boy indeed. The a machine to catch fleas, and it does its work aware of the fact that the diamonds they wear good boy is a pattern of unblemished virtue; the bad beautifully. Three or four men get around the

the end, poetic justice is respected, and virtue triumphs; them into the machine; when they are all in, and, lately, a fresh element is added to the plot, which the door closes and the machine begins to move owes its origin to the fact that there are no longer any and in twenty minutes every one of those fleas and in twenty minutes every one of those fleas is a dead man. This machine was invented out married in the last chapter, and settled for life in a com- in Indiana, and the inventor has accumulated a

> Then, near by is a complex machine for tak-ing the bark off of dogs; and another noble piece of machinery is a sheet-iron dog which you wind up and place under your neighbor's bedroom window, and as it has a howling ca-pacity of fourteen dogs, it is a success; no matter how much your neighbor may shoot at it, it never loses a hair or a note. No household should be without a couple of them!

> What has attracted the attention and admira tion of scientific men here is a complete india-rubber suit for geese, which will keep them perfectly dry in the wettest weather. It was invented by a thoughtful farmer in New Jersey who had a good deal of leisure on his mind and who, owning one thousand shares of Erie stock, was led to study how to keep the geese from being swamped when that stock was

Here is a very superb and elaborate machine, which does credit to the genius of invention and turns out twenty bushels of wooden cu-cumber-seeds a day, and they are so perfect that nine out of ten of them, if planted in good soil, will grow, and bear fruit—a very little woody.

A wagon-load of pumpkins from Vermont attracts great crowds of European visitors, who think they are American oranges, and seem asonished at the size of the fruit. Here we have a small piece of the Niagara

Falls in a glass case, with some of the spray in sealed bottle. Here we see the most magnificent display of woolen knit-work in the Exhibition, which has received the premium over all European com-petitors—a pair of knit socks, but slightly worn, with holes elaborately and skillfully worked in hem. These hail from Tennessee, and occupy

very large part of the department.

Probably one of the most attractive features of American industrials on exhibition, attracting immense crowds, including royal families, is couple of crocks of Ohio soft-soap. They are nighly praised.

In carpets of course we are always ahead of all other nations. The display in this line is notably fine and worthy of weeks of study and admiration, and consists of eleven yards of exnot be a man of honor or purity, and I want tra one-ply rag-carpet, but little patched—the you to keep him away from me, for I should rents not being objectionable because you see be sure to set the watch-dog on him. If he had no respect for his mother he wouldn't carpet stands at the head of all others, and can not be put down.

Here in this corner you will observe an end-less system of complicated machinery, the pur-pose of which is to tell bad eggs. The eggs are put into a revolving cylinder, going through several processes of shaking and pounding un-til the shells are removed and the contents of the shells are brought forward by machinery in a dish to where the engineer stands, and he

takes a sniff. Every thing depends on the sniff!
The Zoological Department is quite complete, and consists in part of one pair of not extremely rare bedbugs, broken to harness; one fine cage of Maumee musketoes with wings clipped, and which have only killed three persons so far, who got within four feet of the cage; one span fleas, broken to saddle; one pair of chip-unks; three jaybirds; one fine aquarium of tadpoles, and a barrel full of wiggletails.

Of the other departments I may speak at length hereafter—if I can raise enough money

to go in again. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN

### Woman's World.

Home no longer Home for Americans.—The Summer Insanity.—The Loggerhead Family.—Summer Man-ners and Winter Morals.

Home, that sweetest word in the English language—that peculiarly English word, in all its significance—bids fair to become an almost make them subservient more to our social than our domestic wants. And yet, in its best sense, we do not have society; at least, not in the olden acceptation of the term, when society was the off-shoot of home influences. Society now means, to most Americans of good circumstances, a round of parties, balls, dinners, and dissipations of various kinds, during the winter months, when people reside in their town houses; and a summer of equally exciting and exhausting pleasures at the summer resorts, the

watering places, or the tour of Europe.
With many of smaller means, who can not afford the round of winter entertainments, there is an endurance, worthy of a better cause, of every kind of petty parsimony, and uncalled-for miserly self-denial, for nine months of the year. for the special purpose of this summer dissipation, or of the fashionable "trip to Europe."

To speak what seems to me to be an incon testable fact, the majority of American women, in our great cities and small, live only for display, and the gratification of their vani ty, and a petty ambition to cut a dash in the

The sacrifice of dignity and common sense on the part of some of our parvenus, to make this annual summer display, is laughable, and mean to a degree. I know a wealthy man, with two handsome daughters. They are worth a million. They know of but one use for money-to make a vulgar display. They are so parsimonious in some things that they will not keep house; they do not even own dwelling; they board, occupying suites of gau-dily-furnished rooms, in a not very fashionable street. They cheapen every thing they buy, or bargain for; as they take two floors, in their boarding-house, the landlady bears any amount of meanness and fault-finding to retain them. They keep two carriages, and the father drives a four-in-hand team. They keep four extra riding horses, and are seen in the Park riding or driving at all hours of the day, from five in the morning till five in the afternoon. To see their names in the Daily Blazer, or Society Bulletin among the riders in the Park, or drives on the Bloomingdale Road, or Harlem Lane, is the hight of their ambition. They spend their mo ney freely for opera boxes, and dress in flashy silks, laces and diamonds; the father is the backer and actual owner of three well-known pawnbrokers' establishments, in different parts of the city. He goes to those offices every day, and although his name is never seen on the door, or in their advertisements, it is no secret that he makes, and has made, most of his money in that way. He owns, also, stock in vari ous railroad and banking companies; he speculates in stocks, bonds, and real estate.

This family never entertain. They have friends to entertain. They live so incessantly in the pursuit of their pleasure and vanity, they do not care for a home. They go to Europe every year, or to some fashionable watering-place, where they astonish the crowds with their flashy splendor. I said they had no friends; they have a number of servile parasites. boy is a specimen of unmitigated vice. Of course, in fleas with horse-whips or shot-guns and drive frequently decoys some unwary, green reporter thors to be by no means extinct.

to herald the magnificence of his daughters diamonds in some morning or evening daily. The jewelry is minutely described, and its value stated in the report of some ball where it was worn. It is then put on the market, and sold by the cunning pawnbroker at the valuation reported. The story is told that Miss Kate Loggerhead has become tired of her diamond neck lace, and prefers to sell it—that it can be bought at such a certain broker's office for ten thousand dollars less than cost; and some greed, simpleton is found to catch at the bait, and pur chase the \$20,000 bauble for \$10,000. In all probability it is not actually worth \$10,000, the stones being light-weight South African jew-

The vulgar meanness of this Loggerhead family can not be described; the very reporter they have duped with their splendor they will not hesitate to "cut," to use their own refined jargon, as soon as they have used him and his pa-

per for their own purposes.

But the Loggerhead tribe, numerous as its members are, are not the only class of Americans who can not and do not know what a ruly home feeling is.

I know a worthy and highly intellectual man, a publisher of repute, a gentleman and a scholar. His health has been failing for several years. His unremitting toil has brought him vealth, but not health nor domestic happiness Not that he is a notoriously wretched man Quite the reverse. Everybody admires his ele gant wife and "accomplished" daughter. They are considered "ornaments of society." This gentleman's physician ordered him to the country this summer, to some inland village or quiet farm-house, away from the bustle of the air and sea breezes. A friend found a delight-ful retreat for him and his wife and daughter up among the Berkshire Hills, in the family of gentleman of ample means, who could afford to entertain them in a really elegant style The rides and drives in the neighborhood were charming, and the country gentleman had teams and carriages, which he was willing to put at the disposal of the invalid and his family. They could be promised only a limited amount of society, but that could be of the best. Now when the wife and daughter of this refined and cultivated invalid, this good, tender and kind husband and father, reached their retreat amon the Berkshire Hills, do you think they could b persuaded to stay? No, indeed! Miss Fa must have "society," and that meant the Sara toga and Long Branch crowds. "Heavens! said the shocked mother to the invalid husband.
"Why, what do you mean, my dear? This is burying my Fay alive!"

When the suggestion was modestly made by a mutual friend present, that the father's health should be the main consideration, the proud mother promptly answered: "Well, let stay here among the Berkshire Hills; Fay and I can go to Saratoga." And this was what the I can go to Saratoga." And this was what the accumulate a fortune, that it might pamper the selfishness of a heartless wife and a vain, silly daughter. "If such is their summer manners, what," I exclaimed, when I heard the circumstance, "must be their winter morals?" Poor invalid! He has no home, summer or winter; for there can be no home where there is no heart. In the chase of the unsubstantial thing called "society," how many American women are sacrificing every home joy and all domestic happiness! Ah, how many.

The two cases here cited really represent classes. The Loggerheads are but the types of

great numbers of vulgar, mean and low -rich in money, but very destitute of almos every qualification of a refined head and heart They flaunt their riches in our faces every-where—everywhere their impudence and if manners are sure to confront us; and foolis ceople, who regard riches as the all-essential thing in this life, receive the Loggerheads with consideration. Miserable sycophants! Do you not know that you disgrace human nature by this subserviency to what is essentially ignoble and low?

The other case mentioned represents a class the antipodes of the Loggerheads in culture and efinement; but in their own way are quite as heartless and selfish. When women becom so habituated to society and publicity as to dread the repose of home, their culture but adds to their folly, for cultured people ought to nave within themselves a thousand resources of happiness denied to the "shoddyite; when they find no pleasure in a home, it is inleed a bad sign of the times.

EMILY VERDERY.

### A BASHFUL SCHOLAR.

THE great professors who can face the bat ery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum, are frequently the most diffident when aken away from their regular sphere of labor There was Professor Aytoun, who was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be ne cessary that he should obtain her father's approval—"You must speak for me," said the uitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll

wait until vou return. The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer papa? he is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must dea enderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back." "Papa's an-swer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

Mr. Albert W. Aiken's new and eagerly exected serial.

### The Man from Texas,

ve find is awakening a keen interest even among he Trade. A number of newsdealers, making inquiry as to the particular issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL in which the story will be commenced, express a purpose to make extra orders with that ssue. Newsdealers are pretty quick judges as to what is popular and sure to "take;" and in this instance they only anticipate what must be in or dering extra supplies of Mr. AIKEN'S

### Unique Arkansas Romance,

for "The Man from Texas" is working out not only his own destiny but that of several others under circumstances which most vividly delineate Arkansas social and public life, and depict who indorse every thing they say and do. Not phases of Arkansas "civilization" that have no invariable good boy or girl, who is persecuted without machinery run by steam power, very complimency, and with great apparent success, by the villain of cated, and patented for ninety-nine years. It is nal story, and one of the few literary performances are paumbrokers' unredeemed pledges. The father of the year that prove the race of American au-

#### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors .- No MSS received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always profer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet.

Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compostor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its follow or page number.—A rejection by no manus implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.— Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to stributions. We can not write letters except in special case

We will find place for the following contributions, riz.: "True Always;" "That Unlucky Bell;" "Mr. Bessemer's Lesson;" "Una's Escapade;" "Outward Bound;" "Maggie May;" "A Chance Acquaintance;" 'Our Guide's Story;" "The Make-believe Match;" 'Our Susy;" "A Sober First Thought;" "You Wrong Me, Sir;" "The Little Child's Ransom."

The serials, "A Bad Race," "The Governess' Legacy," Mordaunt's Crime," we hold for further considera-

The following contributions we must pronounce, for arlous reasons, unavailable, viz.: "Our Country:" Keep Away from the Girls:" "How Southville was old" (defective as a MS.); "A Last Stroke;" "The liner's Fate;" "All for Hate;" "Bouncing Bet;" Great Men;" "The Old Maid's Inheritance;" "Miss Group's Stites"

E. E. A. We do not care for the Short Stories. Have G. W. B. Will try and use the MS. although it somewhat needs revision.

ALFRED. Money to contributors by check. VIOLINIST: The less varnish a violin has the better. BRICK FANSHAW. Great Britain doubtless has more professedly "scientific" men than America, and therefore is more advanced in her scientific culture.

HENRI M. We can use the sketch and poems. The latter, however, we can not place on the paid list—having too much good rhyme pressing for place in our columns to stock up with expensive verses. FANNIE A. The address of your friend, Laura I., is a trough her brother, Col. I., our contributor. Indorse an envelope to this office and we will see the note dein an envelope to livered to Mr. I.

A PROTESTANT. The initials O. D. appended to Father Burke's name, imply Order of Dominic. He is a member of that order—of the society of Dominicans. DASHING DICK. The author named has nothing, at present, in our hands.

Spencer. Cook and Son are Englishmen who get up excursion trips for large parties to Europe. Their charge for a six or seven weeks' tour on the continent is about \$400 gold—which includes all expenses of the round trip. It is very cheap.

EDITOR. We of course have had, under the new postal aw. to revise our exchange list. See notice in the

Homer R. Your views regarding English verse are incorrect. English versification is governed by accent rather than by length of syllable; thus, in an octo-syllable meter the introduction of a line of nine syllables is not unusual, and if the accents are correctly placed, is by no means disagreeable to the ear: And there, beneath the spreading boughs Did the jevial band hold blithe carouse."

E. P. J. We can not inform you "how to learn ven-riloquism." There is a text-book, we believe, on the 'art'"—for which write to the American News Co. CASPER S. The author named has by no means ceased to write. He is lying "fullow" for awhile—in fact is now, and has been for months, off on a tour through the North-west. He is an exclusive writer for the SATURDAY JOURNAL—pens not a line for any other paper.

EDWD. B. B. That we do not approve of young men seeking Government situations and appointments we already have declared. These positions are so insecure, and a person has to so fawn, truckle and humiliate himself to obtain even a petty "clerkship," that no young man of spirit ought to seek for such employ. Do any thing else, therefore, whick is honest and honorable, than to "work for a place" in any Government capacity. JOE PICK. Can not say from whence the expression referred to sprung. It is, we think a perverted meaning of a line from one of the old poets. We will investigate, as a matter of curiosity.

MATTIE WAYNE. If you have a box at the opera, you can appear in full toilet; otherwise, a promenade costame, with dress bonnet and light kids would be in good

TEA-DRINKER. An excellent cup of English breakfast tea can be had at low price by mixing one pound of heavy Assum and two pounds of sweet Southong tea forgether. The average price per pound, thus mixed, will be about seventy-five cents.

STUDENT. The sun is supposed to weigh seven hundred and forty times the combined weight of all the planets which circle around it. THEONE ST. CLARE. It is most injurious to have your teeth polished by a dentist; it destroys the enamel. We would advise you to brush them twice a day with clear water, and they will retain their whiteness longer than

YANKEE Tom, Whitewash the walls of your cabin. Yellow ocher is injurious, and causes depression of

ALICE LEYY. You should introduce the gentleman to the lady, not the lady to the gentleman, and when you do not wish to form the acquaintance of a person, decline in a manner as little calculated to give offense as possible.

FANNIE HASTINGS. The most fashionable letter paper s tinted, with the monogram stamped thereon, and a

MORTIMER HOLMES. Carmine, the most beautiful of all red colors, is obtained from the cochineal insects, which were originally found in Mexico, but are now successfully raised in other countries. The preparation of carmine requires great care and skill. It takes 70,000 of the dried cochineal bags to weigh one pound?

LILLIE LESLIE. In thanking a young gentleman for the pleasure derived at an entertainment of any kind, neither be too profuse nor utter your thanks like a set speech. Your feelings should suggest a suitable form of words, earnest and unaffected.

EDWARD B. B. To remove the ink-stains from your marble mantle, apply to the stain a feather moistened with muriatic acid. Do not allow it to remain long or a mark will be left. Rub it with a soft rag, and when the stain is removed, drop a little sweet oil on the part, and give it a polish. ALEERT HAZELTON. Lamp chimneys are very apt to break with sudden heat. To prevent this, cut or scratch the base of the glass with a glazier's diamond, or plunge them in cold water, and place them on the stove until they become hot enough to be "seasoned."

LADY GAY. Never tempt gentlemen to take wine, but offer something more substantial at your entertainments, such as oysters, chicken-salad, or a sandwich. Too many find it difficult to resist temptation, and commence the career of a drunkard over a glass of wine

HENRIETTA BROWN. Your questions we hope to answer satisfactorily in the following: The human heart is six inches in length, four inches in diameter, and beats 10 times per minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a lay, and 36,817,200 times in one year.

MOLLIE KING. Short trowsers reaching to the knee, where they are met by high boots or stockings, is a be-oming manner of dressing little boys. FRANK GODLEY. Think twice before you speak, and you will find it an excellent method of curing your tem-

VANITY FAR. We know of nothing better to insure good health and a strong constitution, than plain, nutritious food, daily exercise in the open air, eight hours of good sleep out of the twenty-four, cleanliness, with wise but not excessive recreations.

MRS. DENNIS. A very novel hauging-basket can be nade by scraping out the inside of an immense turnip, eaving a thick wall all round, fill it with earth, and plant it is some clinging vine or morning glory. Suspend the unrip with cords, and in a little time the sprouting vine will put forth leaves, and your fanctful hanging-basket will be very pretty.

BERTHA SPENCER. You can purchase a good balmoral for \$3. all wool, and serviceable, that will save the enormous bills paid to washerwomen for doing up white

PAUL ALEXANDER. Fish do not agree with a great many persons. The fish most digestible are, haddock, smelt, cod and turbot. Invalids should eat all fish botted, not fried. The oily fishes are always considered more difficult to digest than others.

G. L. Keene. Yours was the mistake; you will find the following a correct estimate: In 1870 the native population of the United States was 32,991,141, and the foreign-born population 5,567,229. Thus, one-seventh is foreign-born. Of the native-born 9.734,845 have foreign-born parents. Nearly one half of the population of California, one-fifth of the population of Illinois; of Massachusetts, one-fourth; of New York more than one-fourth; of Pennsylvania, one-seventh; of Wisconsin, one-third are foreign-born.

one-third are foreign-oorn,

MATT M. The total number of newspapers in the United States are 5,871, with a circulation of 20,842,475. On this circulation the increase has been 45 per cent in one year. In New York there are 835 papers, with a circulation of 7,561,497, being more than one-third the total circulation of all papers in this country. The religious papers number 407, having a circulation of 4,764,358.

Thanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

#### THE WEEPING WELL,

An Indian Legend.

BY HAP HAZARD.

A placid pool, in whose translucent deep
Are pictured bristling wood and mountain steep
And azure sky, with banners red unfurled
Of sunset-tinted clouds, hung high in attained
A mirror, Nature's own, so tranquil fair.
It seems the window of another world.
This set in emerald banks of velvet moss,
With tuffing, here and there, of grasses' floss
And flowers, nodding in the passing breeze,
And, over all, the verdure-mantled trees.
Its loss mmersed beneath the limpid tide,
its head uplifted in defant pride,
A cliff, aspiring to a giddy hight,
With brow of granite fronts the Gate of Night;
Adown its rugged face, as tears of woe,
Drip crystal drops into the pool below.
This is the spot and this the tule they tell
Who keep the memory of the Weeping Well.
"Twas years ago, when the primeval wood
By lords of Nature's own was ruled o'er,
A maiden drooped, in melancholy mood
And tearful mien, beside the voiceless shore
Of that still pool, and o'er the brink she bent,
With fluttering sighs and sobs and look intent;
And thus the maiden, rocking to and fro,
Voiced her sad plaint, its accents piteous low:
"We were twin danghters of a sire

We were twin daughters of a sire With arm of steel and heart of fire; And who would dare to brave his ire, Ne-mo-na?

"Thy step was light as the gazelle's, Thy heart, the birdlings in the dells, Thine eyes' clear depths, two sister wells, Ne-mo-na!

And as the maize's silken floss Was thy long hair, in thread and gloss, And thy soft palm as velvet moss, Ne-mo-na!

"And lissome as the nodding rush Thy form, with youthful vigor flush; Thy voice was answered by the thrush From out his covert in the bush, Ne-mo-na!

"Thy praises far and near were heard, Yet none could lure the Humming Bird His neck with Love's fond zone to gird, Ne-mo-na !-

"Though warriors told their triumphs o'er, And brought the trophies won in war, To lay them down thy feet before, Ne-mo-na!

Ne-mo-na!

"But one there came from o'er the sea;
Ah! like the morning sun was he!
With foot of wind and eye that finahed
As hotly on the chase he dashed
In quest of foe or startled game,
As when the wrathful Manitou
With glancing bolts of lurid flame
Hends wide the vail that shrouds the blue;
And as the sun's warm rays divide
The somber clouds on either side,
So broke upon his lowering brow,
That struck wild terror to the foe,
A smile of winning gentleness,
When, at thy feet, with honeyed word
He sought thy shyly-given carees,
And called thee, oft, his Humming Bird.

"Methinks I see again the glow—

And called thee, oft, his Humming Bird.

"Methinks I see again the glow—
That breaking dawn of holy joy—
Diffuse its radiance round thy brow,
As yields thy form with fondness coy,
With all the young fawn's timid grace,
To meet thy lover's warm embrace,
How droops the lash upon thy cheek,
Where blushes play at hide and seek,
As it would vail the ecstasy
That glows in thine averted eye!
And, as the grasses fall and rise
When sweeps the wind adown the dell,
So fitful gusts of fluttering sighs
Disturb thy bosom's rounded swell.

"On t that so bleek a wight cheek!

"On! that so black a night should fall Upon such cloudless day! And, with impenetrable pall, In folds releatless shrouding all, Should swallow up each ray!

The Serpent, from his covert low,
Descried the Bird with viewless wing,
And in his breast sprung up a glow
Such as might feel so vile a thing,

Now, to her sire's lodge does be repair, And lays before him presents rich and rare;
His trinmphs vaunts in battle o'er the foe,
His skill with tomahawk and knife and bow;
Displays his tufted trophies and the troop
That halls him as its chief—a motley group!—
And shows his breast, all seamed with gash and

hack. While no dishonor blemishes his back: And ending, says: "Twere meet that such a one As is the Bear should smile on such a son."

"The Bear thus makes reply: 'All honor go To one who dares thus bold to meet the foe The Bear his lodge's welcome doth extend To the brave Serpent ever as a friend;
But more than this may never be—although
The Bear consent, the Manitou saith—No.
Where 'far the salt lake travaileth at morn,
And gives the sun to glad the sleeping earth—
A god of fire of the waters born—
From mighty chieftains took the Wind his birth,
And rooming distant over the houndless lake.

From mighty chieftains took the Wind his birt And, roaming distant o'er the boundless lake, Rspied a lodge, and songht his thirst to slake, And find again his strength in food and rest: Thus did the Bear receive his stranger guest. As speeds the hurricane in wrathful mood, Wild havoc spreading thro' the affrighted wood—Snaps short the hemlock with resistless stroke—| Rends from his anchorage the stubborn oak, So falls the Wind upon the flying foe: As soft at eve the zephyrs whisper low. Their breath with perfumes laden of the flowers That fill the wood, while wing the fleeting hours On noiseless plnion thro' the summer night, Thus doth the Wind (resistless in his might, As in his pleading love resistless, too), The Humming Bird in honeyed accents woo. With no dishonor to the Serpent, one, Such as the Wind, the Bear would hail as son.

"Then from his heart of treachery leaped out

"Then from his heart of treachery leaped out
Flerce hatred thro' the Serpent's blazing eye,
He snatched the Bird with wild, defiant shout,
And gained the wood that spread its covert nigh.
The Wind, tho' far, yet heard her 'frighted scream,
And, as the lightnings thro' the darkness gleam,
So burned his eyes, and like the breathless hush
That heralds oft the tempest wild, he stood
To catch the sound; then, with the whirlwind's
rush. He sought his love, deep in the horrid wood.

"Now writhes the laboring wood with pang ar

"Now writhes the laboring wood with pang and throe!

Her shuddering echoes bandy sounds of woe!

The sickening pool of human gore defiles

The virgis sanctity of her dim aisles!

Before the might resistless of the Wind

In her defense deep in his heart enshrined,

Far thro' the wilds the craven traitor files;

But, wounded, at her feet the victor lies.

She pillows soft his head upon the charms

That, like two virgin worlds, bud from her breast

Unsettled by a tumult of alarms,

And quails her heart with anguished terror, lest

Those gaping wounds should give his spirit flight,

And leave her soul ingulfed in rayless night.

With her long hair she stanches the red tide

That flows unceasing from his pierced side,

And with the crystal tears from her heart wrung,

She laves his neck on which she oft has hung

When drinking in his love-tale, often told;

But now, alas! the neck her arms enfold,

Has sheathed in its dear flesh some fiend-sent dart

Whose cruel barb sore rankles in her heart.

moon had waxed and waned, and still the Wind "The moon had waxed and waned, and still the Wind Had not the strength to chase the hart and hind, Meanwhile, the warriors of the Bear had songht The Serpent far thro' forest deep and glade, And yet his wily skill had put to naught Their subtlest arts, the while his band had paid, And one and one, the tribute of his blood To those Avengers tircless of the Wood, Till not an arm was left in the defense Of him who one time scores had hailed as prince.

"The sun lay warm on rippling mere and brook, What time the Wind and Humming Bird betook Them to this pool, to con that love-tale o'er, Which each in other's eyes had oftimes read—Which, each new reading sweeter than before, Had reached its fullness since when they we wed.

wed.

Where poison ivy threw its baleful shade,
As the Arch-fiend upon that pair of old
Whose blissful lot no sorrow did invade,
Till by their sin, of whom the Wind oft told.
So, from his ambush, with his heart consumed
With all-corroding envy of their bliss,
Looked forth the Serpent on this couple, doomed
To such sad late as rare is heard, I wis.

"His murderous heart no weak relenting knew:
As darts the swa low, on its errand flew
The gleaming missile, from whose whetled blade
The air shrunk, shrieking, side and side, afraid.
Oh! where the Genius whose protecting wand.
Should turn aside this messenger of hate,
As site, deep gazing in the mirrored pond.
The Wind, unwarned of the impending fate?
His bride now thrills at his impassioned words:
With a warm gush of love she clasps him round,
And her fond arm, that clingingly engirds,
Protects his heart from what were mortal wound.

A shriek of pain and terror—a wild yell—
A rending of the bushes with a crash—
A strife, such as the deepest damned of hell
Must look upon with frantic glee—a splash!
In circling waves the afrighted waters speed
From the fell spot that witnessed such a deed,
And high upon the shrinking banks they leap,
As they would fain seek refuge from the deep,
Where far from mortal sight are hid for aye,
The shuddering banks spurn the polluted tide
That brings contamination in its kiss;
The baffled waves fall back with angry hiss—
Battle each other—sullenly subside.

Ah! who can tell thy dumb dismay,
My sister?—how was snatched away
From thy stunned soul the light of day?
Without a sigh—without a moan—
Thy very heart was turned to stone,
And close the fountain of thy tears was bound,
Like some still pool, with icy fetters round—
In that lone place thou stoodst—alone!

In that lone place thou stoodst—alone!

"Oh! woe the day that lit so foul a sin!
Thy glassy eye made search all fruitlessly.
For his returning who but now had been
So warm in thy embrace—thy god—thy sun!
Who now, so cold, amid what horrors lay!
In bottomless abyes whose shadows dun,
Ne'er dissipated by the light of day,
To monsters without name gave harborage,
Whose weird detormity would lack for gauge!
But all the horrors congregated there,
To wean thy heart from its fond fealty
Were powerless. Amid thy cold despair
Sprung up a longing passionate to be
With him who was thine all in all; and deep—
With one heart-broken cry, with one wild leap—
In that abyes thou plung det, to share his doom,
His bride in life, his bride still, in the tomb!"
Thus wailed the maid from dawn to fell of night.

Thus wailed the maid from dawn to fall of night,
Till all the place was filled with her low cry,
And all around partook of her sad plight:
Her plaintive voice still lingers in the sigh
That fills the tree-tops; e en the rocky steep,
For pity of her, was constrained to weep.

### How She Won Her.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It was one of the pleasantest possible spots— Linden Farm-house, on that delicious April af-ternoon, when the early breezes of summer were blowing through the great kitchen, and waving the short grass on the plat in front of the stone steps, where old Mrs. Linden, darning in hand, sat, after her hard day's work.

A thrifty-looking place it was, with not a sign of neglect or disorder, or a sign of unhousewifeliness to be seen a well-trade home.

housewifeliness to be seen; a well-to-do home-stead, that ought to have made good old Mrs. Linden's plump face all asmile with proud delight as she looked over it.

light as she looked over it.

But there was a very perceptible shadow in her motherly eyes, and at intervals a sigh came swelling up from her over-full heart—and it was all because of Harry Linden, her youngest born, her idol, her handsome Harry.

Not that he had done any thing criminal; he hadn't stolen all the coupons in the little tin chest in the west room or ren away to see in a

hadn't stolen all the coupons in the little tin chest in the west room, or ran away to sea in a fit of temper; but he had done what Mrs. Linden never could forgive or forget.

He had, while down to "York," to a course of lectures at the University—Henry was studying medicine—fallen in love with, and married—not only a strange girl, and a penniless girl—that might possibly have been overlooked—but an actress, a bold, brazen girl who had worn short-skirted dresses on a theater stage!

Was it any wonder the pious, quiet old couple at the farm-house were horrified beyond hope of relief? and good old Mrs. Linden, while

hope of relief? and good old Mrs. Linden, while the tears rolled in streams over her comfort able, fat face, declared that never should that woman darken the doors of the old Linden Farm-house. Harry could come-but his wife

It had happened more than a year ago, when Mrs. Linden sat there on the cool stone steps that balmy April afternoon; but it had all come back to her freshly because she had received a letter from Harry that very day, begging her to let him bring Winnie down home to just see them; if not, of course, he must come

She had written back quickly, as usual Winnie could not come. And now she sat thinking how nice it would

have been if her boy had only acted differently and so the early shadows began to lengther across the grass-plot, and the lonely hearted mother folded away her work with a sigh, as she prepared the evening meal.

"Oh, Harry, is it 'no' again?" And Winnie Linden's sweet brown eyes filled with tears "Never mind, darling; if it is 'no' again, i won't always be so, I'm sure. Besides, if don't pine for the old homestead, who lived all my life there, why should you who never saw

He stroked back the flossy brown hair and smiled brightly in her tear-filled eyes,
"It seems so wicked, though, Harry, to think I took you from such a dear home; some-

"I thought I took you, dear; but what is that "Sometimes' what?"

"Nothing; only I almost wish—no, I don't, either; because I do love you, Harry, dearest,

and that obdurate mother, too!" Her cheeks were dimpling with smiles now-his "bold, brazen thing" Harry had married

and Harry suddenly caught her in his arms and kissed her sweet, rosebud lips. "Of course you do, pet, and so I said this cloud will one day pass over; only I wish that you and baby Harry could see the farm this

lovely summer weather.' A slight cloud of vexation crept into his eyes but he smiled it away, and they went out to supper, which Winnie had prep red with her own deft fingers.

It was a pretty sight that Harry looked on— the tiny oval table with its snow-white cloth, ironed till it shone like satin, with its creases perfect in regularity; the simple tea-set of white-stone china, and the funes of the well-drawn tea arising from the iny pint teapot; the frugal meal that consisted only of bread and butter, a plate of cold roast lamb left from dinner, and a glass jar of mixed pickles, and a tiny sphere of quivering quince Jelly.

In the high-chair wee Harry, just able to sit up, was waiting for them; and Harry Linden, s his eyes took in the scene, felt grateful and happy that his lines had fallen in such pleasant

'And now, cherie, I have news for you. How will you like to be left alone for six long

Winnie's face clouded. "Oh, Harry, you are not going away?"
"For six weeks, little wife, to attend Dr. Marsh's patients in Gloster, while he goes on a bridal tour. I would take you, Winnie—I will if you say so—but it would be dollars and dolars saved if you would run down to your mo

ther's while I am gone. And you know, dear, dollars are an item with us." There had come a sudden twinkling to Winnie's eyes, but she was demure as a kitten when she answered:

'That's so, Harry. We will be prudent, and I'll stop with mother while you're away.' "Good girl! and I'll stop at my mother's coming home, and make her send you an invita-

tion. Winnie, give me your photograph and the boy's to show her; that'll melt her." A week later Harry started for Gloster, with Winnie's kiss on his lips and her picture in his coat pocket, to "melt" mother Linden.

Canados. He has been about the war-sinp, and obtained from Captain Bracebridge satisfaction on these points—sufficient to make him quite contented with the alliance. Both the young ed Don Gregorio I would see him to-night." coat pocket, to "melt" mother Linden.

And when the horse-car was out of sight, Winnie flew back to their cozy rooms, a smile on her lips and in her eyes.

men are of good family; Cadwallader passing rich, Crozier in prospect a millionaire.

The Spaniard on his side has imparted configuration.

on her lips and in her eyes.

"And Pll go to mother's, too—but I didn't say which mother's, did I, baby?"

She rapidly and neatly packed in a valise the baby's plain clothes, a couple of chintz dresses of her own, a change of under-wear, a plain black alness and a few old little articles.

black alpaca, and a few odd little articles—collars, cuffs, and a ribbon or so. Then she shut up the house, locked the door.

and started for Linden Farm-house.
"What! you do housework? Why, you're nothin' but a child yourself!"

"Oh, I'm twenty, and very well. I can cook "With that baby? He's a cunnin' little thing, ain't he though? What's his name?"

"Harry—Harry Smith."

Mrs. Linden winced—"Harry," eh?

"And yours?"

"Mary, ma'am. If you only would give me a chance and let me try. Won't you, please? The baby shan't bother."

The pleading brown eyes went straight to Mrs. Linden's heart; she was so lonely at times, nowadays, and that bright little "Harry" she really imagined its eyes were like another I can't promise you much wages, Mary, if I

take you. But first—where's your husband?"
A scarlet tide came surging over her cheeks.
"He's—he's left me, ma'am." "The brute !- you are sure you were mar-

ried 'Oh, yes; I am a decent woman, Mrs. Lin-

There was a dignity in the quiet tones that the old lady liked; so she said:

"I believe you, Mary. Now take off your things and Har—the child's, and let me hold him while you see if you can set the table."

That was Mary Smith's introduction at the form house that from mere kindness from Mrs.

farm-house, that from mere kindness from Mrs. Linden, developed into strong friendship, as the long summer days wore on, and the fair, agile fingers wrought miracles of assistance, while the labor-worn wife rested in her rocking-chair, or watched with loving eyes the play of Mary's baby.

play of Mary's baby.
Little by little Mrs. Linden grew to wondering what she would do when Mary went away—if ever she did; gradually she grew to trusting to her wholly for all comfort and enjoyment, and then she told her all about her Harry, and his wicked wife who never should darken her deer.

ken her doors. Then there came a letter to Mrs. Linden that her son would stop a night on his way from Gloster home, and Mary must bake a batch of her nicest shortcakes—Harry loved them so— and the chore boy was sent a mile in the sun to pick those big Wilsons that Harry relished so.

"And now, mother, I have brought a picture

Mrs. Linden gazed at it in amazement.

"Why, that's my— Who is it, Harry?"

"How do you like it, I said?"

"But how did you get Mary Smith's picture?

Come here, Mary!"

Harry laughed

Harry laughed.
"You're complimentary, mother. Why, that's my wife, my Winnie— What in the

For Mary Smith's arms were around his neck and she was kissing him rapturously. Then, before anybody could explain, old Mrs

Then, before anybody could explain, old Mrs. Linden, in a glad voice, spoke:

"It's as clear as daylight, Mary—I mean Winnie—you've won me against myself, but I love you dearly—actress or servant or my son Harry's wife. Didn't I say the baby had my boy's eyes?" she added, triumphantly.

## The Specter Barque. A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID. AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XX.

HASTA CADIZ. THE sun has set over the far extending wa ters of the Pacific, and San Francisco Bay is

illumined by the light of the moon. On its breast is perfect calm, the ships showg as in a mirror with masts reversed, every ope of their rigging having its duplicate underneath.

No canvas is spread, and the flags left flying for the night do not fly, but hang droopin down from the tops of masts, or over taffrails Among the vessels both in harbor and offing reigns tranquillity, almost complete stillness. Strange, too, for usually these send some sounds ashore, if only the rattling of a chain, the chart of the night-watch at the windlass, drawing the anchor's hawser ataut, or the song of the tars squatted around the hatch of the

forecastle. No such sounds proceed from the ships in San Francisco Bay. For there are but few men aboard to make them.

Now and then a boat puts off from the side of one better manned, or is seen returning from the town, its slow, laborious movement and un steady stroke of the oars telling that it has not

the full complement of a crew.

In the town all is different. There, noise, crowded streets, flashing lights, and the confusion of voices. Shops may be shut, but houses are open; restaurants, drlnking bars, saloons devoted to gambling, with others to deauchery of a more questionable kind.

Into all of them go men loaded with gold-

dust, or dollars; often coming out lighter than they entered in purse-in heart heavier. Into this Pandemonium two young men are about to enter. They are advancing toward it along the shore road, which leads into San

Francisco from the south. It is at that hour when all sorts of iniquity have commenced their nightly career. Though in San Francisco some kinds do not wait for the night, many of the gambling saloons being

open throughout the day. The young men in question are Edward Crozier and William Cadwallader. After returning from the paseo de campo, they have dined with Don Gregorio Montijo, and made their adieus to him and his family, with no in tention of calling upon or expectation of seeing

them again until they meet at Cadiz. There they hope to renew the acquaintance, are in fact as sure of it as men under the circumstances may be. Their ship is ordered to the Mediterranean station, and will call at the Spanish port on her way. She has first to show herself at the Sandwich Isles, and returning across the Pacific, look in at Mazatlan and other Mexican ports. Don Gregorio Montijo has been made acquainted with this programme and much more. He knows what has passed between the two guardia-marinas and his girls. All four have confessed that they are fiancee, and the Spanish hidalgo has sanctioned the encharacter and social standing of his future cunados. He has been aboard the war-ship, and into the bargain, if you pilot the way."

"Come on, then. But first, let us look up The before deviltry. I promisragements. Not without inquiring into the it up again."

The Spaniard on his side has imparted confidences, in short given his programme for the coming months. He has told them of his reasons for leaving California, of his good fortune in disposal of his property, with the handsome sum obtained. Also that he has that day secured passages in a sailing vessel as far as Panama. He has given them some details about the sort of ship selected, and why he has chosen her. After stating the chief, he adds: the ninas will be better voyaging that way. They will be more comfortable, having the whole ship to themselves. Besides, they will not be exposed to the company that quiet people would rather shun—rough gold-diggers, crowds of whom are now returning to Europe crowds of whom are now returning to Europe and the United States, via Panama.

All these confidences Don Gregorio has im-

parted in the after-dinner conversation, as he

and his guests are sipping their wine.

One piece of intelligence he has communiated in regard to the engaged ship, which does not much surprise his listeners—that she is en tirely without a crew, not so much as a single sailor being aboard of her. He asks their opinion as to how the difficulty may be got over. As naval men he supposes they should

They do not know-at least not enough to remedy a defect of such magnitude. Even their own captain, with all his official authority, could not under the circumstances find hands

for other ship than his own. Crozier, however, can promise Don Gregorio some little help in his dilemma. He knows one sailor who has just left the Crusader, his time of service having expired since the sliip came into port. A splendid seaman, who can be trusted in every way. Harry Blew, for this is the sailor's name, may not yet have gone off to the gold-diggings; and the young officer thinks he has not. He would not leave without bidding a more formal adieu to the man who lately saved his life. For Crozier has done In all likelihood Harry is still in San Francisco. The officers are going into the town and will search for him that very night. If found, Crozier can give Don Gregorio assurance that at least one seamen, and a good one, will offer his services to the captain of the crewless ship. If not, he, Crozier will cease to believe in the gratitude and boasted fidelity of sailor.

This promise has been the parting speech made to Don Gregorio by his guests. Though not the last spoken by them before leaving. With the two other, and only members of the family, adieus of a different, and far more tender, nature have closed their interview hasta

In the patio where the parting has taken lace—outside under the soft, silvery light of a Californian moon—the gages d'amour have been again displayed, and fresh vows exchanged—

There ips still aglow with these, their hearts thrilling with sweet triumph, the young officers continue on toward the town.

There is a still aglow with these, their hearts thrilling with sweet triumph, the young officers continue on toward the town.

There is a still series of the streets of the streets

They are afoot, having refused Don Gregorio's offer to furnish them with horses. In high spirits they prefer walking.

Between the two for some time there is silence. Each is occupied with his own reflections.

The first part of the programme is carried out in an incredibly short time. Harry has not been six days ashore, when, plunging his hands into his pockets, he finds them empty. Not a coin left.

don't think I ever enjoyed one more in my life. "Only for the drawback."

"You mean those fellows? Why, that was the best part of it—so far as fun. To see the To see the one in the sky-blue wrap, after I'd dirked his horse, go off like a ship in a gale, with no man at the helm! By Jove! 'twas equal to Billy Button in the circus! And then the other whom you bowled over in the road, as he got up looking like a dog just come out of a dustbin! Oh! it was delicious! The best shore adventure I've had since joining the Crusader. We'll have something to talk about when we get aboard."

"Yes; and something to do as well. We haven't seen the end of it yet.' "Why not? Surely you don't intend challenging that fellow?"

"I did in the morning. Had fully made up my mind to do it. Now, I'm not so sure that I "I'd do nothing of the kind, Ned. They're a bad lot, blackguards both, as their behavior has

shown. They don't deserve to be treated as gentlemen. But we're in California, Will; where the code of the duel takes in such. Here even blackguards stand upon their punctilios of honor, as they call it. I've been told of a duel not long since between two professional gamolers, in which one of them was shot dead in his tracks. And only the other day a judge was called out by a fellow he'd tried for misdemeanor, and not only actually went, but killed his man-the same which stood before him a criminal! It seems very absurd; but it is; and if this cavalier insists upon it, I shall

have to turn out with him; no two ways about "Still you're not called upon to challenge

him.' "Not now. After the first interview with him I was. Then his insolence was left un-punished. Our second encounter has put a diferent face on the affair. In that he got more than he gave, and I think I may rest satisfied."
"You'd be hard to satisfy if you're not. I'm
sure you've had your revanche, in good measure."

"At all events it now lies with him. On re flection, seeing the way the fellows have acted they must be base coin-as you say-black guards. The red one appears to be a sort of bravo, and, if we hadn't secured his pistols, I uppose he would have done some shooting We'll see whether he comes to reclaim them If he don't, I shall have to send them to him. Otherwise he may have us up before one of those fighting justices for robbing him."

"Ha! ha! ha! That would be a rare jokean appropriate ending to our day's adventure."
"On the contrary. A more appropriate one would be just now a good big drink. We've had war and women enough for one day; so let's on to the Parker House, and indulge in the other W, a whisky-punch, or a bump champagne. Whether it's Don Gregorio's heavy Spanish wines, or the leave-taking, I can't But one or other's got my heart down, and it'll take some sort of strong tipple to get

"You know where to find him?"

"Oh, yes; Harry has made me acquainted with his address. Some sort of a cheap hostlery called the 'Sailor's Home,' down by the water's edge. He may not be at home for all that. Still we can leave a message for him. Allons! or, as it should be after speaking Spanish all

Thus closing their dialogue, they cutinue on at increased speed, and as soon exploring the streets of San Francisco in search of the Sailor's Home.

#### CHAPTER XXI. A TAR OF THE OLD TYPE.

HARRY BLEW is a tar of the true man-o'-war type. This of the olden time, when sailors were sailors, and ships were of oak, not iron. Than he, a finer specimen of the foremast-man never reefed top-sail, or took his tot of grog according to allowance.

Of a dark complexion naturally, exposure to sun, sea and tar has deepened the tint till his

sun, sea and tar has deepened the tint till his visage shows almost copper-color; lighter along the cheeks, especially on Sundays, when these have had their hebdomadal shave.

His face is round, with features fairly regular; of the cheerful kind, their cheerfulness expressed in the sparkle of bright gray eyes, and a double row of sound white teeth, often smilingly exposed. A thick shock of brown hair, with a well-greased ringlet over each eye, supports a round-rimmed hat, blue-ribboned and ports a round-rimmed hat, blue-ribboned, and set well aft on the head.

Below, there is a broad, brawny chest, from which an amplitude of shirt-collar falls back full seven inches over square shoulders, denoting strength, herculean. Erect he would stand six feet, but in this attitude he is seldom seen. More often stooped slightly forward, as if swarming up shrouds, or bent over a top-sail yard in the act of reefing. His arms are long and sinewy; while the duck trowsers, fitting tight over his hips, display a pair of limbs

tough as gristle, every inch of them.

Harry Blew is forty five years of age; more than half of which he has spent on board a man-of-war; the last five in the Crusader. His period of service has expired just after entering the port of San Francisco; and although welcome to continue the port of san francisco; and although welcome to continue the port of san francisco; come to continue it into another term, he is also free to take his name off the ship's books,

and go cruising on his own account.

In San Francisco, 1849, who would hesitate as to which course? Even a quarter-deck officer would prefer the latter; and for a foremastman it does not need a moment's consideration. Of course Harry Blew has claimed his discharge, and got it, with a certificate of honorable service, and such pay as was remaining due to him.

With these in his pocket, he has bid farewell to the ship, taken leave of his old shipmates, as also the man-of-war life; and is now at large in the streets of San Francisco.

Between the two
ence. Each is occupied with the
tions, whose sacredness absorbs him.

And for awhile from these there is nothing
to distract them. The moonbeams falling
brightly across their path, the ripple of the
waves breaking lightly along the strand; above,
the "chuck-will's-widow" sounding its soft
monotone; all in consonance with their
thoughts, a little sad after the parting.
As they draw nearer to the city, see the flashaf lights, and hear the hum of voices, other
lights, and hear the hum of voices, other
any time. But in San Francisco, in the year
1849, it is a positive and serious predicament—
almost a danger. Five dollars for a breakfast,
ten for a dinner, and as much for a bed, even
spread under the thin shelter of canvas. stable, with straw for the sheets, and the heat of the horses in lieu of blanket and coverlet In the necessity of seeking such indifferent accommodation Harry Blew finds himself six

days after his discharge from the ship Crusa-He now bethinks him it is almost time for carrying out the second part of his programme—going on to the gold placers, on the famed

But how to get there? This is a question he has not before asked himself, and which he finds not so easily answered. It costs fifty dollars by steamer, and still more by stage. He has not any cash, and his sea-kit sold will not

realize a fund sufficient to pay his passage up the Sacramento. The discharged tar is in a dilemma-one with two horns. He can not go to the gold-diggings, nor yet can he stay in San Francisco. He is living in a hostlery yelept the "Sailor's Home." One of the humblest and cheapest kind. Still dear enough to demand ten dollars a day for board and bed; the former spare enough the letter so thick that three expects enough, the latter so thick that three separate sailors are nightly called upon to share it; along with some live stock not calling for more particular description.

This is bad enough for Harry Blew, even

though he be only a foremastman. But still more threatens him, Despite its name, the owner of the "Home" has no hospitality in his heart. He has discovered that his guest is impecunious. This by three days' board and bed remaining unpaid for.

There is a notice conspicuously posted above the bar that "scores must be settled daily." And the discharged man-o'-war's man having disregarded this, has received notice of another kind, to the effect that he is to appear no more at the hotel table, and also surrender up his

third share of the bed. At this Harry Blew is not angry, nor does he feel in any way affronted. He has the sense common to sailors, as to most others who tread in strange lands; and knows that when cash is not forthcoming, credit can not be expected. In San Francisco, as in other seaports, universal and rigorous custom, to which he must resign himself.

He is only sorry at having spent his cash so freely; a little repentant at having done it so foolishly; and a good deal downhearted.

But there is a silver lining to the cloud. The Crusader is still in port, and not expected to sail for another day or two. He may once more place his name upon the ship's books and re-

A word spoken to the first boat that comes ashore, and all will be well. He hesitates and reflects. Humiliating the thought of going reflects. Humiliating the thought of going back to the ship, after taking leave of everybody aboard. Returning to a dingy forecastle and hauling tarry ropes, after the bright dreams he has been recently indulging in! To forego the gathering of gold-dust and nuggets, exchanging these for doubloons—or, dellars—in short, to turn his back upon smiling fortune—nerhans a plentitude of riches with resulting perhaps a plentitude of riches, with resulting ease and idleness—and once more face the stormy sea, with hard knocks and hard work in store for him, all the rest of his life

While the coin was yet clinking in his pockets, this was the dark side of the picture; that toward Sacramento the bright one. Now that they are empty every thing is changed.

cloud has veered round for Sacramento, the silver lining lies on the side of the ship. The sailor ponders and reflects; as he does

so, thrusting his hands into his pockets as if in search of coin. It is an act merely mechanical —for he knows he has not a cent.

While thus occupied he is seated in the little sanded bar-room of the "Home." Alone with

the barkeeper-the latter eying his sailor guest with any thing but a sympathetic look. For the book is before him, showing the indebtedness for three days' board and as many nights' bed; a record that makes a bar sinister between

Harry Blew thinks, and thinks. Must he sur-render? Give up the dreams of getting bright gold and return to spreading black tar?

A glance at the barkeeper decides him. His decision is expressed in characteristic soliloquy: "Wi' me the old sayin' 'll have to stan' good.
'Once a sailor still a sailor.' Damme! I'll go
back to the Crusader."

#### CHAPTER XXII. UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

HAVING resolved upon returning to his ship, Harry Blew is about to sally forth into the street, when his egress is unexpectedly prevent-

Not by the landlord of the low hostlery, nor yet the barkeeper. Both would be only too glad to get rid of a guest who is three days' reckoning in arrear. For his sea-chest, including a suit of Sunday-ashores, is good collateral security for the debt. It is already hypothecated for this as its owner has been notified. cated for this, as its owner has been notified. What hinders Harry Blew from going out is

a man who is himself coming in.

No enemy, but a friend; for in the individual who has thus darkened the door, and thrown his shadow across the sanded floor, the discharged tar recognizes an officer of his own ship. Indeed, two, since there is a second close-followed by the first. At sight of them, Harry Blew utters an exclamation of joy. Not noisily, but in a subdued tone. At the same time jerking off his straw hat, giving a pluck at one of his front ringlets, and bobbing his head; all this simultaneous with a backward scrape of his foot upon the sanded floor. It is intended in humble salutation, for he receives his officers with the same respect to it? here we'll meet to it, and those of them as is dear to you."

"Ay, that you can, young gentlemen. Trust your lives to it, and those of them as is dear to you."

"All right! Let's hope we'll meet his officers with the same respect as if he had encountered them upon the quarter-deck of

To one, the elder, he makes a second obeisance beyond the rigorous call either of duty or discipline. For in him he recognizes one who has done a great service to himself, in short, saved his life. When the sailor, struck by a boom, was hurled overboard, into a high, rolling sea, and senseless would have sunk to bottom, a strong swimmer leapt after, caught, and kept him on the surface till a boat

It was Edward Crozier who did this, and it is he who has entered the tavern.

The bar-room is but dimly lighted, and as he

steps across its threshold, he asks:

"Is there a sailor staying here, by name Har

"Ay, ay, sir," is the prompt response, Harry himself giving it, along with the salutation de-

During the short interval of silence that succeeds, the sailor's heart can almost be heard beating. Late depressed—down in the dumps, as he himself would have worded it, the appear ance of his preserver is like saving him a second time. Mr. Crozier has come to invite him back to rejoin the ship; the very thing he was thinking of. This is his surmise.

He waits for the officer to speak.
"I'm glad to find you here, Harry. I was afraid you had gone off to the diggings. How is it you haven't?"
"Well, Master Edward, I did intend standin

on that tack, but couldn't get under way, for the want of a wind." I don't understand you, Harry."

spreeish since comin' ashore, and my locker's got low. More'n that, it's quite cleaned out Though, I st. spose there's plenty of gold in the diggin's, it takes gold to get there; and as I haven't any, I'm laid up here like an old hulk upon a mud-bank. That's just how it is, young

"In that case perhaps you wouldn't feel in-disposed to ship again?"
"Pd already 'most made up my mind to it,

sir. I war just about startin' to go aboard the Crusader, and askin' your honor to get me entered on the ship's books again. I'm willin' to join for a fresh term, if they'll take me."

"They'd take and be glad to get you. No

doubt about that. Such a seaman as you, Harry, need never be without a ship. But I don't want you to join the Crusader. 'How is that, sir?

Because I think I can help you to something better; at least, it will be something more to your advantage in a pecuniary sense. wouldn't mind serving in a merchant ship with wages three or four times as much as you can get on a man-of-war? How would you like it, Harry?"

"I'd like it amazin'ly, sir. And for the mat-'ter o' its bein' a merchanter, that's neither here nor there, so long's you recommend it. I'll go

cook if you tell me to."

"No, no," laughingly replies the officer,
"that would never do. I should pity those
who'd have to eat the dishes you'd dress for them. Besides, I should be sorry to see you stewing your strength away in front of a galley fire. I'm authorized to offer you a better berth. It's on a Chilian vessel, and her captain is either Chilian or Spanish. That won't

make any difference to you."
"No, sir. I don't care what the ship be, or the skipper eyther, so long as there's good wa-

ges and plenty o' grub."

"And plenty of grog, too, Harry?"

"Ay, ay, sir; I confess to a weakness for that, leastways three times a day."

"No doubt you'll get it as often as you've a mind. But, Harry, I have a word to say about that very thing. Besides my interest in your that very thing. Besides my interest in your own welfare, I've another and more selfish interest in the Chilian ship; so has Mr. Cadwallader. We both want you to be on your best behavior during the trip you're to take. On board will be two lady passengers as far as "It's gallows hard, mate; the more so, as I've Panama. You're to do every thing in your power to make things comfortable for them; and if they should ever be in any danger, from storm, shipwreck, or otherwise, vou'll stand by "Tts ganows nard, mate; the more so, as I very got the promise of a good berth aboard a ship now in the harbor. The young officers you strangely!' she cried, impulsively, "and I can not tell you why I act so."

"Then why didn't they give you some money" "I know," Chocolate replied, quietly.

"Yes, Harry," adds Cadwallader, "you'll do that, won't you?"

"Lor', your honors!" replies the sailor, in some surprise. "Sure ye needn't put that questyan to me—a man-o'.war's man! I'd do that a word of it. If they cared to have you on their sinto the room," and Chocolate spoke quite section they'd have given you the wherewithal to

"Hilloa, Harry! How do you know they're either one or the other?" asks Crozier, in surprise, Cadwallader repeating the question.

"Lord love ye, young gentlemen! do you think a common sailor hain't got eyes in his head for any thing but ropes an' tar? You forget I war o' the boat's crew as rowed two sweet creatur's aboard the Crusader the night o' the grand dancin', and arterward took the

same ashore along wi' two young reefers as went to see 'em home. Sure, Harry Blew bein' cox on that occasion couldn't help hearing some o' the speeches as passed in the starn sheets, though they war spoke in the ears o' the saynoritas, soft as the breeze that fanned their fair white brows, an' brought the color out in their smooth cheeks."

"Ha! you poetical rascal, you've been eavesdropping, have you? I forgot that you talk

Spanish."
"Only a little, your honor; just enough to do me a sarvice aboard the ship you speak o'."
"Well, I won't scold you, seeing that you couldn't help it. I'll confess the ladies in that boat are the same who are to be passengers n the ship. Now, you'll take care of them, I know?"

That you may depend on, Master Edward. The one as touches a hair o' their heads 'll first have to tear the whole o' his off the head o' Harry Blew. I'll see them safe to Panama, or else never get there myself. I promise it on the word o' a man-o'-war's man."

"That's enough. Now to give you directions about joining the ship. She's called the 'Condor,' and is somewhere about in the harbor. You'll find her easily enough. However, you needn't go in search of her now; but report yourself to a gentleman whose name and adlress is upon this card, a ship-agent, I suppose. He will engage you, make out your papers, and give you full instructions. It appears the Conor is short of hands, even without a mate; and it's quite possible you may receive that berth if you go soon enough. It's too late to-night, but by presenting yourself early in the morning, you'll stand a good chance of getting ship-ped as mate—all the better from your being able

to speak a little Spanish."
"Thank ye, sir. I'll show my figure-head to
the agent first thing in the mornin'. Not much

chance o' any one bein' there before me."

"All right, Harry. And as the Crusader is to sail soon—perhaps in a couple of days—we may not see you again. Remember what you've said about the senoritas. We shall both trust to your fidelity; we know we can.'

"All right! Let's hope we'll meet again. When you get back to New York you know where to find me. Now, to say good-by. Give us a grip of your hand, old boy. God bless

The young men, each in turn, take the horny and of the sailor, and press it in earnest friend-

The pressure is returned; that of Crozier by a squeeze that speaks of more than mere re spect. It and the look accompanying, tell of true gratitude, fondness bordering on devotion. After the affectionate interchange, the two mids take departure, and continue their cruise through the streets.

#### CHAPTER XXIII. AN INHOSPITABLE "HOME."

HARRY BLEW stands in the doorway of the Sailor's Home, watching the young officers as they walk away, and thinking of the change in his prospects, brought about by their interview. Certainly these have brightened within the our; for, no longer elevated by the hope of getting to the gold-placers, they had been at their darkest and lowest.

Now the thought of double or treble pay, on ward a snug ship, though it be but a tradingvessel, with the chance of becoming mate, instead of foremast-man, has given a fillip to the sailor's spirits, and brought them up again.

The only damper is parting with the fine young fellow, his patron and preserver. But he has suffered this before when separating with the Crusader, and can better bear it now, under the reflection that though absent, he will still have an opportunity of proving his gratitude. He knows how much Crozier is interested in the well-being of Dona Carmen Montijo as the younger mid in that of Inez Alvarez; and to be intrusted with a sort of guardianship of the senoritas is a proud thought to the sai-

To carry out the confidence reposed in him will be a labor of love; and he vows in his neart it shall be carried out, if need be at the isk of his life. Heaving a sigh as the midshipmen pass out

of sight, he turns back into the bar-room, where he is confronted by that which brings the shaow back over his spirits. It is the barkeeper with the frowning face. Just now there is something like a smile up-

on it; for the man has got it into his mind that the sailor guest is no longer impecunious. He must have received assistance from the officers, who no doubt came to engage him for their ship-perhaps an advance of bounty-money. "Well, my salt," begins the barkeeper, in a tone intended to be soothing, "I guess you've

got the shiners now, and can settle up your "No, indeed, sir," answered Harry, more than ever taken aback; "I'm sorry to say I

"And what have them gold-buttoned fellows

been talking to you about?"
"Not about money, master. Them's two
young officers as belongs to my old ship. They was talkin' of somethin' else-altogether differ-

Much good they've done you, if they have-'t given you something better than talk.
Vords won't pay your board-bill." "I know that, sir. But I expect soon to get

ome money—maybe to-morrow mornin."
"That's been your story for the last three lays. It won't stand good any longer. You get no more tick here."

Can't I have supper, and bed for another No, that you can't."

"I'll pay for them first thing in the mornin'." idea of entering the li "You'll pay for them this night—now—if Mary stood by the door. you expect to get them. If you've no expecta-tion, it's no use talking. What do you think we keep a tavern for? It would soon be to let, bodily, bar, beds, and all, if we'd only such customers as you. So the sooner you streak it,

Then why didn't they give you some money

to clear your kit? "They'd have done that, no doubt, if I'd only thort o' askin' them. I forgot all about

much enyhow, out o' starn sense o' duty; but ship, they'd have given you the wherewithal to when it comes to takin' care o' a kupple o' ladies, to say nothin' o' both bein' young and beautiful—"

a word of it. If they cared to have you on their ship, they'd have given you the wherewithal to get there. But come! it's no use palavering any longer. The landlord won't like it. He

has given his orders; pay or go."
"Dash it! I must go."
"Be off, then! As I have said, the sooner the hetter

Once there, he does not stop or stand hesitating. The hospitality of the Sailor's Home has proved a sorry sham; and stung by the shabby treatment received, he is only too glad to get away from the place. All his life used to quarters on a ship, with every thing found for him, he has never experienced the pang of

He feels it now, with all its misery—its humiliation; and imagines that the passers-by can see that he is humiliated.

Haunted by this unpleasant fancy, and urged on by it, he hurries away, nor stays his steps till out of sight of the Sailor's Home—quite out your lover." of the street in which the hostelry stands. He even hates the thought of going back for his chest, which he will have to do on the mor-

Meanwhile, what is to become of him for the About sleep he cares less, but having had no dinner, he is hungry, half-famished, and could eat a pound or two of the saltest and toughest pork that ever came out of a ship's cask.

In this unhappy mood he strays on along the streets. There is no lack of food under his eyes --almost within reach of his hand. But only to tantalize and still further sharpen his appetite. Restaurants are open all round him; and under their blazing lamps he can see steaming dishes, and joints set out upon the tables-

guests around, with others going in.

He too might enter without any fear of being challenged as an intruder. For among the men inside are some in coarse garb, many not so decently appareled as he.

But what use presenting himself in a restau rant? He has not a cent in his pockets. Why go in to gaze at dishes he may not eat, and dare not call for? He remembers his recent humili ation too keenly to risk having it repeated; and again, saddened by the thought of it, he turns bis back upon the tempting spread, and tramps gloomily on.

Still the question comes again, where is he to get supper and sleep?

get supper and sieep?

How is the problem to be solved?

What a pity he didn't think of telling the young gentlemen of his fix, and asking a little relief. Either of them would have given it at once, and without a word.

No use regretting his neglect, now that they are gone—in all likelihood back to the ship.

How nice it would be if himself aboard the Crusader—in her forecastle among his old ship-mates! It can not be, and therefore it is idle to

What on earth is he to do? Ah! a thought strikes him. He thinks of the gentleman to whom Crozier has directed

him to apply—the supposed ship-agent.

Though only a foremastman, Harry Blew is not altogether illiterate. The seaport town where he first saw the light had its common school in which he has been taught to read and write. write. The former of these elementary branches, supplemented by a smattering of Spanish picked up in South American ports, as also at the Philippine Isles, enables him to decipher the writing upon the card which Crozier has left

Holding it under the light of a lamp, he makes out the name, "Don Tomas Silvester," with the address appended.

Returning the bit of pasteboard to his pocket buttoning up his dreadnaught jacket, and taking a fresh hitch at his duck trowsers, he starts off on a street cruise in search of Don Tomas

Silvester.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

## The Mad Detective: THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK,

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. AUTHOR OF "BOCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "WOLF DEMON,"
"OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF
SPACES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES
OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV. GUESSING THE TRUTH.

CHOCOLATE was thunderstruck; she looked at Mary in utter astonishment. The girl stood with her back against the bedroom door, her irms outstretched as though she feared that Chocolate would attempt to enter the room in pite of her warning.

Mary's face was deadly pale, and she was

trembling in every limb like an aspen leaf.
"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you?"
Chocolate asked, in wonder.
"Nothing, nothing," the girl replied, hurriedly, and with trembling accents.

"Why don't you want me to go in that room?" and, as she asked the question, Choco-late advanced a step as though she intended to orce her way in.

Mary's features became convulsed; the tears came from her dark eyes and streamed down the pallid cheeks, as with a trembling voice she

"Oh, Chocolate, don't ask me why; but if you ever loved me, please keep away. I have a reason or I would not ask."

Chocolate's sharp eyes looked searchingly for a moment into the agitated face of the girl who, under the influence of the gaze, drooped her head like a guilty creature, and the dark eyes hid themselves under the white lids.

A minute the young girl stood motionless and looked searchingly at Mary, whose wildlyheaving bosom and streaming eyes betrayed the anguish which was so terrible. Then Chocolate turned suddenly around, and retreating, sat

But though Chocolate had sat down quietly by the table and seemed to have given up all idea of entering the little bedchamber, still A horrible suspicion had begun to creep over Chocolate's mind, and though she vainly strove

to drive it away, the effort was useless, and it grew stronger and stronger. And Mary, looking from her station at the door of the little bedroom into the face of the girl seated by the table, saw the suspicion writ-

"I know," Chocolate replied, quietly.

Mary did not speak, she only drooped her head again on her bosom and the tears started

she considered herself aggrieved.

Mary started in alarm, and with outstretched though to implore her mercy.
Then Chocolate gazed just a moment into the oale face, noticed the imploring eyes and the

trembling lips, and her heart melted "I think that you have acted real mean, Mary!" she cried, impulsively. "I never kept any secret from you! You might have told me that you had a lover that you didn't wish any one to see and I wouldn't have said any thing

The sailor turns toward the door, and without saying another word, steps out into the need to hide him away in your bedroom as if lazily on the floor, a long-drawn breath of reneed to hide him away in your bedroom as if he was a thief."

Mary recoiled as if she had been stricken in the face, and she gazed at the girl with parted lips and a strange, wild light in her eyes.

resting carelessly upon it, surveyed him, with a mournful smile upon her fair features. lips and a strange, wild light in her eyes.

And as Chocolate looked at her, she began to

believe that Mary was losing her senses. . Then, with a great effort, the girl seemed to recover herself.

"What are you saying?" she exclaimed.
"What you can't deny," replied Chocolate,
rmly. "I'm not blind, Mary, and you needn't firmly. think that I am. I know the reason why you

Again Mary's head sunk in confusion, and low were the words which came slowly from

her trembling lips.

"Yes, I will not deny any thing that you have said; and you can reproach me as much as you please; I deserve it all."
"I haven't got any right to say any thing against you!" Chocolate cried, abruptly, "except that I think that you might have told me something about it, and I don't think that you have acted quite right with somebody else either, but that's none of my business." either, but that's none of my business."
A' convulsive shudder shook Mary's form.

She understood only too well to whom Choco-

late referred.
"Well, I s'pose you want me to go out, don't you?" the girl asked, finding that Mary did not

She silently nodded her head in reply "I don't see why there is any need of making such a mystery about it," Chocolate said,

Mary only sighed, but did not speak. "I s'pose that there's some good reason, eh?' Again the girl nodded her head. Well, I'll go and see Mrs. Murphy again.

believe that that baby likes me better than it does its own mother. I s'pose I can come back when I hear him go down-stairs?" and Chocolate made a face at Mary as she asked the question. "Yes," Mary replied, evidently paying but little attention to the question though.

As Chocolate laid her hand upon the door-

knob a sudden thought occurred to Mary, and hurriedly she passed her arm around Choco-late's neck and whispered in the girl's ear. "You must not tell anybody of what you have guessed!" she exclaimed, earnestly.
"About some one being in that room?"

"Why of course not! What a great goose you must think I am."

"Promise me that you will not breathe a single word of it to any living soul until I give you Chocolate wondered greatly at the anxiety of the girl.

"Of course not!" Chocolate replied, promptly. "Don't you suppose that I can keep a secret? I'm sure that no one ever thought that I was a tattle-tale.

"Yes, yes, I know that!" Mary exclaimed, evidently in deep distress of mind. "I did not mean to say that you were, but if you only knew how anxious I am that no one should know any thing about the matter."

thing about the matter."

"I don't see why you should be worried about it," Chocolate replied, perplexed at the agitation of the other. "I'm sure that it's no one's business whether you have a gentleman come to see you or not. But, Mary, I do feel real hurt that you didn't tell me something about it. I'm sure that I wouldn't keep any thing from you." thing from you.

Don't speak about that!" Mary cried. "I would have told you if I could."
"Why, did he want it kept a secret?" Choco-

"Oh, if you love me, don't ask me any thing more about it at all!" the girl beseeched. "I must not speak, even to explain my own ac-"Never mind, dear; don't worry," and Cho-

colate kissed the pale cheek of the other caressingly. "I won't bother you any more," but, as she spoke, a sudden thought came to her. "I would like to ask you just one question, Mary, and you needn't answer it if you don't want

Well ?" Then the girl dropped her voice to a whisper. "Mary dear, do you think that you have acted just right with Mr. Stewart?"

A convulsive shudder passed rapidly over Mary's slight form, and then she hid her face on Chocolate's bosom, and the tears came fast and

"Don't cry, dear," whispered Chocolate, othingly. "I couldn't help asking the quessoothingly. "I couldn't help asking the question. But, I think that you ought not to have had any thing to say to Mr. Stewart at all. It will only make both of you suffer."

'How could I tell that he would come? I have not seen him for years," the girl murmur-ed, between her sobs. "I thought perhaps that ed, between her sobs. "I thought perhaps that he was dead. I told Mr. Stewart, too, that I could not be his wife when I saw that he was really in earnest. I could not help loving him; it was in my heart, and I was not strong en-ough to crush it. I knew that our love was a dream, and that when I woke from it it would tear my heart terribly, but I could not help my-

From the broken sentences, separated by obs, Chocolate guessed the girl's secret. It was the old sad story, that the adage warns us of, "It is better to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," and so Cho-

colate whispered in Mary's ears, but the girl only replied with a sob. Chocolate pressed a little soft kiss on Mary's pale lips and then left the room.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

GOOD EVEN IN THE WOLF. A DEEP sigh came from Mary's lips as the door closed behind Chocolate. Slowly she turned the key in the lock, thus preventing any intrusion, and then opened the door of the dark bedroom.

You can come out; we are alone," Mary said, in a low, sad voice. Then from the darkness of the little room into the light of the kitchen came John Blaine.

The old careless smile played around the corners of his handsome mouth and shone winningly in the depths of his great, lustrous gray-

And where in the confines of the little dark bedroom had the hunted felon found refuge from the keen eyes of the man-tracker, Camp-

A glance into the room and the mystery is

The bedstead occupied by the two girls was quite a wide one—a bargain, picked up at a second-hand store by careful, skillful Chocolate -and the mattress was fully a foot narrower than the bedstead upon which it was placed. Blaine had pushed the mattress over from the side of the bed next to the wall to the front and laid himself down upon the slats of the bedstead in the vacant space; then the girl had drawn the bedclothes over him and adjusted them the bedclothes over him and adjusted the first open that if I keep it, it will be ill-gone. You side of the bed next to the wall to the front

lazily on the floor, a long-drawn breath of re-lief came from his lips.

The girl, motionless by the table, her head

"A pretty narrow squeeze that time, my dear," he said, with a knowing shake of the head. "If it had not been for the fortunate circumstance that your bedstead was a foot wider than the mattress, and that you had wit enough to think of that slight difference in the very nick of time, your humble servant would have had his wrists ornamented by an elegant pair of steel bracelets, and by this time would

have been half-way to that celebrated specimen of Egyptian architecture popularly known as the Tombs, escorted by a guard of blue-coated gentlemen renowned for manly proportions, gentlemen renowned for manly proportions, and equally eminently distinguished for putting in practical form the Scriptural injunction, 'take the stranger in.'" And then John Blaine leaned back in the rocking-chair and laughed heartily, but quietly.

Mary looked at him with her soft, sad eyes, an expression of hopeless misery upon her face.

And getting over his merriment, Blaine noticed the look

ticed the look.
"Why, Mary, what's the matter?" he asked;
"your face looks as if you had lost every friend that you had in the world."

The girl sighed, then strove to smile; but the

attempt was a sorry failure.
"Don't look downhearted; all is well now, dear, and I am as safe from these human blood-

hounds, at present, as though a thousand broad miles of ocean rolled between me and them," he said, in his careless, cheery way. "I have always been a lucky fellow, all my life, but this streak of luck to night really astonishes me. Why, just think, Mary, my dear; I didn't know—didn't even dream that you were within a hundred miles of New York city, and when I dashed into this house it was by the merest accident in the world that I chose it rather than the one before or after it. The man-hunter was right on my track and I had to double upon him some way. I felt that it was neck or nothing. My idea was to get onto the roof and cross over, and descend into some other house. You can judge of my horror, Mary, when I got up to the door which leads to the roof and found that it was locked. For a moment I was like a man stunned by a heavy blow on the head, but I recovered quickly, though. I didn't have any time to sit down, fold my hands, and meditate upon my next movement. I suddenly remembered seeing a bright light in this room as I passed, and then a plan to baffle the bloodhounds flashed through my mind. guessed that they would suspect my plan to escape by the roof and that they would follow me up there; so I descended, and knocking at your door, walked right in. It was lucky for me, Mary, that the door happened to be unlocked. I had a couple of rings on my finger here and I was going to pretend that I willed here, and I was going to pretend that I wished to sell them, and get the occupant or occupants the room into conversation, and then, when I heard the hunters pass up to the roof, I in-tended to slip out and escape down-stairs. See how lucky it was that I stumbled upon you, for that plan of searching each room that these eager gentlemen put in operation would have

eaught me sure; but, for the place of conceal-ment that you thought of, Mary, I shall be eternally grateful."

"What do you intend to do now?" the girl

asked, slowly.

"Well, I do not exactly know," he replied, reflectively. "I had a very secure hiding-place, but by some accident it was discovered. Do you know the danger that I am exposed to? "Yes," she answered; "I read the particulars of your escape in the newspaper."

"Mary, you are not very well-to-do in the world, are you?" and as Blaine asked the abrupt question, his eyes wandered round the scantily-furnished room.

"No; I have had a very hard struggle," she said, slowly. "I have been sick a great deal, and even when I am well, I am not strong enough to work hard." "Do you know that there is a reward of five hundred dollars offered for my capture?

asked, carelessly, but his keen eyes were bent searchingly on the girl's face as he spoke. "Yes; I read about it in the newspaper." "And, Mary, when that man entered yonder room, all you would have had to do was to whisper a single word in his ear, or even point with your finger without speaking, and would have got five hundred dollars-a for-

Had the reward been five million instead of five hundred, neither lip nor finger would have moved to betray you," the girl said, firmly. Just a single instant, John Blaine—heart of ice and head of iron—looked into the pale face of the girl, beautiful even now in its tearful anguish, and then a smile, which told plainly of conscious power, came over his face.

"Come here, Mary," he said, extending his arms to her. "I believe that you speak the truth, and yet there's mighty few humans in this world that money won't buy.' The girl, obedient to his request, came slow-ly over to him and knelt down by his side. Caressingly he passed his arm around her slen-

der waist, and with the hand of the other pinched the soft white cheeks.

Then he stroked her head and imprinted a kiss upon the full ripe lips that lacked some of their wonted color, and yet were none the less

sweet nor soft.

"You're a dear little girl," he murmured and I'm a brute to have acted toward you as I have done. But I can't help it. The leopard can't change his spots at will, nor I my cruel, capricious nature. It was born in me and so capricious nature. It was born in me and so must remain. You wouldn't betray me, and I'm going to pay you for it."

The girl looked at him in wonder as he tiffust

his hand into a secret pocket inside his vest and drew out a roll of bills. From the roll he selected ten fifty-dollar bills "There, Mary, there's five hundred dollars for you," and he put the bills into her hand; don't hesitate to take it; I can spare it well enough, and I've not done one-tenth part as

much for you in the past as I ought to have done. This will purchase a little respite from toil for you, and you won't have to work those pretty little slender lady-fingers to the bone." I would rather not take it," the girl said, slowly

"Don't be alarmed, Mary, dear," Blaine said. reassuringly; "there's no blood upon the mo-

The shrewd eyes of the escaped convict had detected the shudder which had thrilled through her form as he put the money into her hand, and he had guessed the reason. Then Blaine rubbed his cheek carelessly

against the smooth forehead of the girl.
"Don't think too bad of me, Mary. I'm bad enough, I know, but there are men in the world ten times worse than I am, and yet they hold their heads up in society and go to church them carefully, and thus concented him from may be sick, you know, and unable to work for a while, and if that should happen, why, this sight.

John Blaine crossed the room, drew the little will be bank will keep the wolf from rocking-chair from its place in the corner and the door until you get well again."

"That's right," he exclaimed, patting her head. "Ah, Mary, if I had had a girl like you by my side when I first began my life-fight, I think that it would have made a different man of me. And that reminds me, my dear, there's something that I want to speak to you about."

> CHAPTER XXXVI. "MARRY HIM."

"YES?" and Mary looked up in his face, as if

to ask what that something was.

"That young girl that was here just now—"

"Chocolate!" sald Mary, as he paused.

"Chocolate! Is that her name?"

"No; her name is Mary, the same as my

own; Mary Crofkin, but Chocolate is her nick-

Ah, yes, I understand," Blaine said.

You need not fear!" Mary exclaimed, hasti
"She gave me her promise before she went out that she would not tell anybody. She pected there was some one concealed here."

"From what I overheard of the conversation between you two, I judged she had no suspicion that the person whom she guessed was concealed here was the escaped convict that the police were in search of."
"No; she did not suspect that."

"But she thought that the person was your

"I thought so," and then John Blaine was sifor a few minutes, evidently reflecting. "Mary, I overheard some part of the conversa-tion," he said, suddenly; "and one sentence that the girl spoke I do not exactly under-

"What was that?" Mary asked, vainly trying to remember what Chocolate had said.

"It was just after you got before the door and prevented her from coming in the bedroom. She reproached you with not acting rightly with her, and then added that you had not acted rightly with some one else either.' A crimson blush flooded the girl's face, and in

confusion she bent down her head. Blaine's keen eyes instantly read there a confirmation of the suspicion which the outspoken declaration of Chocolate had created in his mind.

Passing his hand under the girl's chin, he lifted up her head so that he could look into her

eyes, but the white lids, tightly closed, hid the gray-blue orbs from sight. So, so !" he ejaculated, meaningly; "my little girl has a lover, eh?" and then he released his

"Come, Mary, tell the truth," he said, coaxingly; "though I know I hardly need to say that, for I am sure if you speak you will tell nothing but the truth. I am not at all vexed about it; why should I be? You are human, right in the spring of life, and with the warm blood of youth leaping lightly in your veins. It would be a miracle, indeed, if you should not find some one to love. I do not expect that the blight of my existence is to hang forever over your life. It would be better for you if you would forget that the world holds, or ever did

hold, such a man as John Blaine. "I would rather not speak," she said, slowly,

her eyes downcast to the ground.

"My dear Mary, you must speak," he replied, firmly.

"It is my right to know all the particulars of the affair. Who is the man—what's 'Carlile Stewart," she replied, in a voice but

little above a whisper.
"And who is he? Is he rich or poor?"

"Very rich, Chocolate says."
"Aha! that's good!" and John Blaine rubbed his hands together, gleefully. "And he loves

you, eh?"
"He says so," she murmured, softly. "And you love him?" "Yes-I could not help it, and yet I strug-

gled so long against it," she rejoined, low and "Why should you try to help it?" Blaine de-

"I-I thought of you," she murmured.
"You little goose!" he exclaimed; "John Blaine has been as one dead to you for years; but for this accidental meeting to-night, it is possible that we should never have encountered each other. But, to return to your lover. Has

he asked you to marry him?' And you accepted!" Blaine exclaimed, perfeetly satisfied that he had guessed the truth

"No; I told him that I could not marry him," the girl said, slowly. The deuce you did!" he cried, in astonish ment; "and why did you make that answer?"

"I knew that you were alive; and I had a presentiment that I should see you soon. "My dear Mary, this is worse than childish folly!" he protested, impatiently; "I am nothing to you now, nor you to me. Forget the past entirely; marry this man; he will make you happy. I will never trouble you. Only two persons in the world know the relation ship existing between us, and those two are Mary Martin and John Blaine. I shall never speak of it, and you surely are wise enough to keep your own counsel. Come, you'll marry this fellow, won't you?" he asked, coaxingly.

The girl shook her head. And why not?"

"I would not deceive the man who loves me," she replied. firmly.
"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, fretfully, and an expression of vexation passed over his face: "you need not deceive him; all that you need to do is to hold your tongue. I will not speak,

and no one else can besides yourself." The girl shook her head, but did not reply. Blaine looked in the quiet face for a few minutes, and what he read there plainly revealed to him that no words of his would be powerful enough to alter the determination of the girl The escaped felon had had some little experience with womankind during his sojourn on earth, and had fully learned, long years before, how fruitless it was to attempt, by argument,

to change a woman's will. I hope that you will reconsider your determination some day," he said, quietly; "but, remember, whether you do or not, you have my free consent to marry the man that you love; and I promise you that I will never trouble you

'While you live I shall never marry," was

make me think that you are waiting and wishing for my death." He spoke lightly; not a bit of seriousness in his manner. And now, to come from the clouds of sentiment down to the man of middle age, whose jolly face and twinkaffair is partially forgotten. For two or three days the officers will be hot after me, but after that, discovering no fresh clue to my whereabouts, they will grow careless, relax in vigilance, and then I can probably manage to slip

the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Mary—that's Chocolate, that smart little thing, that was in here a little while ago?" he

"I can take possession of this room here," and Blaine pointed to the inner apartment. "The door can be kept closed, and no one

except your room-mate will think that there is any one here. I suppose Chocolate occupies the rooms with you?" Mary nodded assent.

"I judged so from what I overheard of the conversation between you two. There is no need, you know, to tell the girl the exact truth about the matter," he said, thoughtfully.

"She is not at home at all in the daytime,"

Mary said; "she works down town-goes away n the morning and does not get home till

night."
That is good. She thinks that I am your over, I believe?"

"Well, let her keep in that idea," Blaine remarked, reflectively; "I look too young to pass for your father, if by accident she should happen to catch a glimpse at me; and I am sure that she would not believe that I am your brother. The only bother is the reason for my remaining concealed here, for she is too sharp not to suspect something unless you give her a reasonable explanation. I have an idea!" he exclaimed, after a moment's thought; "you can tell her I was concerned in the disturbance down in New Orleans, and am afraid of an arrest by the military authorities. That will not seem like a crime to her."

And the escaped convict laughed as lightly as though a human bloodhound was not tracking

his steps with relentless hate. (To be continued—commenced in No. 167.)

## The Broken Ring.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

"CAPTAIN WILDE is a gentleman, and I will not listen longer to any thing you may choose to say to the contrary."

The blue eyes, usually dancing with mischief and merriment, flashed a little angry glance at Charley Harper, and Nellie Noyes turned away as if to enter the house.

hold upon the chin, and the shapely head sunk 'Stay, Nellie!" pleaded Charley. "Captain Wilde is a bad man; and I doubt very much whether he is entitled to the rank he assumes. At least, allow me to prove to you the truth of what I have said. I do not ask for your love again. You have imagined that dashing, handsome villain more worthy its possession than

me. I don't want him to wrong you!"
"Captain Wilde is a gentleman, and is entitled to the rank he lays claim to, and his crippled limb would be sufficient proof of the same to one not blinded by prejudice and envy Good-afternoon, Mr. Harper."

They parted thus. It was their first quarrel For nearly a year they had been betrothed, and had not Captain Wilde come between them, with his dashing ways and bad, handsome face, they would have lived happily on in the old way. He came from the city, and was supposed to be wealthy; but, whether or not such was really the case, could only be seen by the lavish way in which he expended his money, of which he evidently had an unfailing supply. He was witty and accomplished, and with his halting step and pallid, almost melancholy face, he was the very man, above all others, to interest a romantic little damsel like our he roine; and Nellie had passed but a little time in his society before, almost unconsciously to herself, she began to draw mental contrasts be-tween him and Charley Harper, her faithful save for the girl whom she had mentioned in

the rear of the garden, she heard the sound of footsteps, and a moment later Captain Wilde stood beside her, his arm encircling her waist and his stately head bowed as he imprinted a his own, slipped a slender circlet of gold on her

A curious, costly ornament was this betrothal ring of Captain Wilde's. It was a magnificent

She drew it from her finger, and held it where the subdued light of the waning moon fell upon the sparkling jewel, and on the inner sur-face of the golden band she saw a curious monogram, formed of the letters M and W. 'My mother's initials," the captain said,

"How beautiful!" Nellie exclaimed, enthu-

"The toy is very pretty, darling," was the soft rejoinder. "Business of the most vital importance renders it necessary that I should go to the city to-morrow, to be absent a month at Have you not some token, some keepsake, that I may have to cherish for your own dear sake when I am far away?"

A little locket containing her portrait was suspended from her neck by a slender, elegantly wrought golden chain. She unclasped it and

He would write to her while he was away and one day a letter was placed in her hand Her heart beat faster for a moment; but one glance at the large, coarse envelope and straggling, almost illegible chirography told her that it could not be from Captain Wilde. It was

"DEAR NIECE :- My house was entered last night by a burglar, who shot me through the shoulder; and I am suffering greatly from the wound. Come to me immediately if you can, for I am all alone with the exception of a young girl who helps me about my housework.

"Your affectionate aunt,
"JANET BROWN."

Thus it was that the letter read, and, in obe-dience to the request it conveyed, Nellie found herself seated in a railway carriage the followthe solemn rejoinder.
"Don't say that, my dear, or you'll be apt to carry her to her aunt Janet, whom she had not

earth of actual life, let me see how I must plan ling gray eyes bespoke a jovial, good-natured to avoid the hounds of the law, who have been temperament. He accosted her with a goodso close at my heels. It will hardly do for me humored smile, and they chatted awhile, as

"If you say that I must take it, I can not do else than obey you," the girl replied, humbly.
"Put it in your pocket then, right away," he said, and she obeyed him even with the word.
"That's right," he exclaimed, patting her head. "Ah, Mary, if I had had a girl like you the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.
"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully." to a stifled cry, that awakened the jolly-faced traveler from a deep slumber, into which he had been lulled by the sultry air and the easy,

monotonous motion of the train.

"Pardon me," he said. "I rode all last night. But you have met with an accident. Are you much hurt?"

"My hand is bruised," she replied; and her pale face showed how great was the pain she

She drew off her glove, and as she did so something fell from it, jingling down on the floor at their feet. It was Captain Wilde's betrothal ring. Nellie's new friend picked it up in two pieces. It had been broken by the fallng window, and its deep, cruel imprint was plainly visible on its wearer's finger.

An old lady at the other side of the car vo-

lunteered to bind up Nellie's hand in her hand-While this was being done, the man, now

wide awake, was staring at the broken ring in an amazed sort of way, his twinkling, little gray eyes glistening with a shrewd triumph. "Found!" he whispered, almost below his breath. "Found after two months' diligent search. I can not be mistaken. It is Marion Wayne's ring; but how came it in the possesyoung lady? That is a secret I sion of this

have yet to discover."

Thanking the old lady for her kindness, Nellie turned toward the stranger, and met his keen eyes fixed on her face, as if he meant to read her very thoughts. It was not a common stare of curiosity or impudence, but a sharp, searching look, which was withdrawn in an instant, and the man said, cheerily:

"You look pale. Do you feel better?"
"Much better now, but— Oh, I have lost

'Here it is; but it is broken," he said, as he dropped it in her little hand, eagerly outstretched to receive it. "It is curiously wrought, and, I should judge, very valuable. I have never seen but one like it. Where did you get it, if you do not think me impertinent?"

"It is a present from a wary deer friend."

"It is a present from a very dear friend."
"From a very dear friend?" he said, repeating her words after her.
"Yes," she replied. "Is there any thing very strange in that?"

Paying no heed to her question, he went on: "Will you tell me the name of the friend who gave you that ring? Your brother, per-

haps?"
"No; it was not my brother. I have no brother. I do not see how it can concern you, and I decline to answer." "You decline to answer?" Again repeating

her words. "Yes, sir," she replied, with a little more spirit than was necessary, as she put the broken ring safely away in her portemonnaie. "I hope you will pardon me. Perhaps I was

intrusive. The inquisitive stranger relapsed into silence, and was soon apparently as far gone into dream-land as before; but he was not sleeping. His busy mind was reviewing all the revolting details of a crime that had been committed in a distant city—the city to which he was now going—two months before. Since then, this man, keen of scent and untiring as a sleuth-hound, had been searching far and wide for the perpetrator of that crime, and now he thought he had discovered a clue.

Nellie arrived at her destination late in the afternoon, and found her aunt Janet looking very wan and tired, as she lay back among the pillows, with her wounded shoulder neatly bandaged in soft white cloths. She told her that she had been awakened on the night of the burglary by sounds as of some one stepping stealthily about the next room. She was not a timid woman, and though alone in the house, and true-hearted, though less elegant lover, not her letter to Nellie, she arose and opened the door communicating with the adjoining apartparticularly complimentary to the latter.

That night, as Nellie stood by the old gate at ment. The burglar was in the act of opening a casket in which she always kept all papers of value and what money she might chance to have on hand, and was interrupted by the sharp click of the door-latch. Turning sudand his stately head bowed as he imprinted a pussionate kiss on her lips. He raised her soft denly, he saw her, and, taking quick aim, fired at her, a pistol-ball piercing her shoulder, as he his own, slipped a slender circlet of gold on her ran across the room and leaped through an open window. She reeled and fell, and the man made his escape. The girl was aroused by the report, and coming to her assistance, found Miss Brown in a dead faint on the floor. When asked to describe the man, she said that he was lame and wore dark clothes. She did not think she would know his face if she saw it again. Her attorney, Mr. Dugoine, had tele-graphed to New York for a noted detective

named Hart Cufton, who was expected that The lawyer came that evening, bringing the man-hunter with him; and great was Nellie's astonishment, when Cufton was presented to her, at recognizing the man who had shared her seat that afternoon in the crowded railway

carriage! "To-day," said he, when the salutations were over, "you refused to tell me who gave you your diamond ring. Will you tell me now to whom you gave this?"

As the detective spoke, he drew a small gold locket from his bosom and placed it in Nellie's placed it in his hand.

He kissed her again and went away, triumphing in his wicked heart over his easily achieved

"To Cartain Wilde and placed it in heries hand. It was the same she had given Captain Wilde that night, a month before, out by the garden gate. She flushed botly, as she said:

"To Captain Wilde, my betrothed husband; out how did it come in your possession? "It was found outside, under the window," replied Cufton, "where Captain Wilde, or John Munson—for that is his real name dropped it as he escaped from the house, after shooting your aunt. Did he give you the

very brief, and written in the same irregular style as the superscription. Nellie deciphered it after a few moments' study.

ring?"

"Yes," faltered Nellie, too much frightened to say more. "Yes—Captain Wilde gave it to

"I hope you don't care much for him," said the lawyer; "for he is a villain of the worst

"But I do care for him! I care a great deal for him!" said Nellie, hesitatingly. "I have promised to become his wife. Surely there is some dreadful mistake!"

"There is no Captain Wilde!" repeated the detective. "There is a John Munson, and John Munson is a villain, and has a wife already! I will tell you where he got that ring!

Nellie recoiled in horror and would have spoken, had not Cufton checked her with a wave of the hand, as he went on with his ghastly story:

away by accomplices; and has ever since walked with a peculiar hobbling gait. For two months I have been constantly searching for him; but in vain, until to-night, when I dis covered him in this place, the scene of his crime, and caused his arrest. He is now in the city prison; and, having made a confession, I doubt if he sees the outside of stone walls for fifteen years."

"Is it true?" asked Nellie, when he had finished. "Is it all true, or have I been dreaming ?"

"Only too true," said the lawyer, sympathetically.

"Then here is Marion Wayne's ring," she said, calmly. "I never want to see it again!"

She laid the broken trinket on the table, close by Hart Cufton's hand, and, without another word, swept out of the room.

It was a still, beautiful summer evening, and there was not a sound save the rustling of the green leaves overhead, and Nellie's hysterical little sobs as she crouched down by the great gnarly apple tree out by the garden gate, weeping bitterly.

"He told me so; but I would not heed his

warning. He said that dashing, handsome man, with his serpent tongue and fascinating ways, was a villain; but I scorned his love and despised his warning! Oh, Charley!"

There was a quick, eager step behind her.

"Oh, Charley!"
"Nellie! My own darling Nellie once And Charley's strong arms lifted her from her crouching posture, and something fell on her lips once—twice—thrice—something very

like three kisses.
"Yes, Charley," she said, softly, "yours, if you will take me back again!"

One day there came to the prison a wanlooking little woman, with hollow cheeks and great sorrowful black eyes, wishing to see John Munson, who had been sentenced to solitary confinement for ten years.
"I am his wife," she said, and they let her

An hour-two-three hours passed, and she did not come out.

Entering the convict's cell, they found them An empty vial labeled "Poison" told the

## Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK. BASE BALL.

THERE is a growing feeling of gratification among the amcteurs in the metropolis—the nome and birthplace of the present national game of base-ball—that with the closing of the only professional ball-field now left in the visibity of New York with the Union Grounds inity of New York, viz., the Union Grounds Brooklyn, professional ball-playing, with its pool-selling and gambling influences, will become a thing of the past. When this event takes place then will the old era of amateur playing set in again. There are dozens of clubs

waiting for the good time coming, ready to re-sume their places in the field the very first sea-son they can do so without being considered as ranking among the clubs who have cared only for the game as a means of making mone out of it. The only amateur club which still keep in play and still retain the recreative features of the old-time organizations is the Knickerbocker Club, of New York, who, on their private and inclosed ball-field at Hoboken, njoy their practice games, as of old, every Tuesday and Friday afternoons. This club recently enjoyed a friendly contest with the Arlingtons on the old Union ball-field at Melrose, the "Knicks" winning by 26 to 25 only. This club and the Staten Island Base-Ball Asso-

lar hall-field of their own. The contests in the professional arena for the United States championship have progressed rapidly during the past two months. April, nine games were played. In May the number had been increased to thirty-three, and June contributed no less than forty-two games, making a total for the first third of the season

ciation are the only two clubs that have a regu-

of eighty-four games. THE RECORD FOR JUNE. The following is the record of championship

contests played during June:

The record of games played, won and lost in the championship arena up to the close of June

is as follows:

Club. P
Philadelphia.

Boston.
Athletic.
Baltimore.

The close of the first third of the season see wave of the hand, as he went on with his quite a reduction in the number of clubs occupying a leading position in the great race for "Reginald Wayne is a wealthy merchant of the pennant, for of the nine clubs which entered to venture abroad after this chase to-night, for passengers will, of the weather, the magazines and kindred topics, until he drew a newspaper shown. I think, my dear, that the best thing that I can possibly do is to stay here until the effuring possibly do is to stay here until the effuring possibly do is to stay here until the effuring possibly do is to stay here until the effuring possibly do is to stay here until the printed sheet as to be utterly oblivious of things passing around him.

The hot atmosphere of the wanted awhile, as the dense passing and they chatted awhile, as the death of his the great for the death of his this city. All will remember the death of his the great for the great remaint, for of the intered awhile, as the death of his the great for the great for the passing and they chatted awhile, as the death of his the great for the great for the passing and they chatted awhile, as the death of his the great for the passing and the great for the

the "Red Stockings;" Philadelphia, of Philadelphia, the "White Stockings;" Resolute, of Elizabeth, the "Jersey Nine;" Washington, of Washington, "Young's Nine;" and Maryland, of Baltimore, "Smith's Nine."

Play was opened April 14th by the Washing-Play was opened April 14th by the Washington and Maryland nines, at Baltimore, the latter winning easily. The Baltimore nine afterward defeated the Washingtons. On April 21st the Philadelphias opened their campaign by defeating the Athletics, and followed it up with a victory over the Bostone, and the lead there of victory over the Bostons, and the lead there obtained has been handsomely maintained thus far. Nine championship games were played in April, with an average score of sixteen runs to a match for the winning nines. In May thirtythree championship games were played, with the result of the reduction of the average from sixteen to nine, thus showing superior play in the field. During June forty-two games have been played, with an average of ten runs to a match for the winning nines, being a falling off in the fielding of one run to a match, this being

caused by the use of a more elastic ball.

The struggle now is between the White Stockings, of Philadelphia, and the "Reds," of Boston, these being the two leading nines in the arena. Thus far their record together has been as follows:

April 23, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston...... 8 5
June 5, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Philadelphia 22 8
June 17, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston..... 6 11 The feature of the June contests was the vic-

tory of the Athletics over the Bostons, in Boston, on June 14th, when the Philadelphians won by the appended score. The playing of the Athletics was hardly open to the slightest criticism, their errors, only two in number, not materially affecting the game. The playing of the Bostons, too, was up to their standard of the present season, though, perhaps, a trifle below the standard of their last fortnight's playing. The striking was inferior on the part of both nines, the total of eight base hits being remarkable in the case of eight teen strikers of no markable in the case of eighteen strikers of no mean average. In the second inning, Fisler earned his base, and was sent to third by a safe hit of Sutton, where he should have been stopped, but O'Rourke fumbled the ball, and a run was the consequence. Clapp then hit to George Wright, who first fumbled it, and then threw it over Manning's head, giving the Athletics another run. In the seventh inning Fisher got in safe hit, took second on a passed ball by White, went to third on Manning's wild throw to Barnes, and crossed the home-plate as the next man went out. The umpiring of Mr.

Bomeisler was generally good, and in the only instance of palpable error of judgment neither party was ultimately benefited. ATHLETIC. Athletic

Runs Earned—Athletics, 0; Bostons, 0.
First Base on Errors—Athletics, 2; Bostons, 2.
Total Fielding Errors—Athletics: Anson, 1; Sutton, 1-2. Bostons: G. Wright, 2; Leonard, 1; White, 2; O'Rourke, 1; Manning, 1-7.
Passed balls—White, 1.
Umpire—Mr. Bomeisler, of Newark, N. J.
Time of Game—1:40.

TO ADVERTISERS. A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil mea-

### The Pawnee King! FRONTIER SHACK, TRAPPER;

The Young White-Buffalo Hunters. (STAR NOVEL, No. 122.)

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent post-paid, to any ddress, on receipt of price—Ten Cents. FRANK STARR & CO., PUBLISHERS, 41 Platt Street, N. Y.

GLASS CARDS Red, Blue and Green. Transparent and beautiful! Your name handsomely printed in Gold on 1 dozen, for 50 cts., post-paid, 3 dozen, \$1. Must have Agents everywhere; outfit 25 cts. F. K. SMITH, Bangor, Me. Write to-day! Mention this paper. 177-2t. e. o. w.

A VOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, New York.

\$72.00 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate, Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo. 175-4t.\*

TO THE LADIES.

A 52-page book containing answers to questions of great importance. Sent free for ten cents. Address MRS. H. METZGER, Hanover, Pa. 162 26t.a

FOR "SPRING FASHIONS" and samples of new goods, send 25 cents and your address to MRS. EMILY V. BATTERY, care of SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL, 98 William Street, New York City.

MICROSCOPIC OPERA GLASSES, 25 cents M each; 5 for \$1: or \$2 a dozen, post-paid. Trade supplied. Address, B. Fox & Co., No. 369 Canal st., New York City. 125-1y. \$5 to \$20 perday! Agents wanted All classes of working perwork for us a tile time say, young or old, make more money work for us in their spare moments or all the time than atanyline ise. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Good books at cheap rates are a public benefaction."—John Stuart Mill.

In the elegantly illustrated edition of Popular Novels by Popular Authors, viz.:

New and Old Friends, we have some of the very choicest works in American Popular Literature, by authors whose names are household words, and which are now put forth in this convenient and attractive form to give them the widest possible currency, at the actonishingly low price of

TEN CENTS FOR A COMPLETE NOVEL! The list of works as already issued, comprises:

I. Seth Jones. By Edward S. Ellis.

II. Bill Biddon, Trapper. By Edward S. Ellis.

III. Malaeska. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

IV. Nat. Todd. By Edward S. Ellis.

IV. Light House Liggs. By Cant. I. F. C. Adam.

V. Light-House Lige. By Capt. J. F. C. Adams. VI. Alice Wilde. By Mrs. M. V. Victor. VII. The Frontier Angel. By Edward S. Ellis, VIII. The Backwoods Bride. By Mrs. M. V. Victor.

The Factorian The Backwow.

To be rapidly followed by CAPT. MAYNE REID,
MRS. M. A. DENNISON,
COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE,
MRS. E. OAKES SMITH,
JOHN NEAL.
ROGER STARBUCK,
ANN E. PORTER, etc., etc., etc.
at type, fair printing, elegant illustry of the publication render and of the most desiral most desiral post-paid. The large page, clear type, fair printing, elegant illustrations and uniform beauty of the publication renders NEW AND OLD FRIENDS one of the most desirable acquisitions for every home and every reader's room. Sold by all Newsdealers generally, or sent, poet-paid, on receipt of price—ten cents per number, twelve numbers for one dollar, by

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers,

98 William Street, New York

#### FLY-TIME.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The melontholers days have come,
The meanest of the year,
When buzzings all about the house
Proclaim the dies are here,
And weakly human nature has
A tendency to swear.

To flies the latch-string's always out,
They bring their baggage, too,
They come to spend the summer here,
A speculating crew,
And ah, the meanest thing to boot
Is they will never "shoot"

The fly is never prone to flee
As the flea is prone to fly,
The fly will never seek the flue
Or to low quarters hie—
One of the few the immortal pests
That was not born to die.

They cluster round your choicest wine,
Perch on your goblet's rim,
While half a dozen of them plunge
Into it for a swim,
Neglecting to hang up their clothes
Upon a hickory limb.

You take an after-dinner nap And in your face they crawl, They dance a hornpipe on your nose, And in your ear they squall, And yet to try to spank them Isn't any use at all!

You try to write your love a line
Upon a postal card,
(Since love is dear, and postage cheap
A cent's worth of regard),
But files more fast than fancies come,
Your yows you disregard.

They take the place of raisins in Your very choicest cake,
They greet you ere the sun is up
Your morning nap to break,
And naught like peace and pleasantness
Can follow in their wake.

Oh, boy, to whom the story-books Have done injustice long
For pulling arms and legs of flies,
T.msure you were not wrong,
And think you had a master mind,
And well deserve a song :

## Strange Stories.

#### THE LUCK OF MUNCASTER A LEGEND OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

THE castle of Lord Lowther frowned down upon the Esk's broad tide; and by the castle was the far-famed well of Lowther. A holy monk of great renown had blessed the limpid waters in days long gone by, when Lowther's lord had fallen by the paynin's hand on the plains of Palestine, fighting for the Blessed Cross. No well in all broad Cumberland had

water so bright and clear.

By the well, in the clear twilight, stood Margaret of Lonsdale proud Lowther's daughter, the prettiest maid for many a broad mile around. Brown as hazel nuts her eyes and hair; the lily and the rose blended in her cheeks. And by the side of the maid stood William, lord of Liddesdale, a border chieftain born beyond the Tweed, but, for reckless word and hasty blow, he was an outlaw from his native land, and drew his sword for the red cross of England instead of the thistle of Scotland.

A man of hasty deeds was the dark lord of

Liddesdale, uncertain friend and cruel enemy.
The charger of the knight stood near at hand.
Liddesdale had just dismounted and surprised the maiden wrapped in deep reflection by the side of the crystal well.

"Welcome, Lord William," she said, with courtly grace; "whence come you?" "From merrie Carlisle," he answered, pointing to where the far distant towers of the En-

glish castle kept watch and ward over the Scot-tish border. "A banished man, I ride now with the lances of England, and from the donjon towers of Carlisle we keep good watch that Scottish Douglass does not surprise us with his And who commands at Carlisle Castle?

the maiden asked, and, as she put the question, a conscious blush stole over her face.

Sir John, of Pennington, lord of Muncas ter," the knight answered, and his brows grew darker as he watched the lady's face. well he knew that passing rumor had whisper ed that gallant young Sir John was the favored suitor of Lowther's daughter, and the thought was as bitter gall to the renegade knight, for he, too, sought to win the love of the flower of

On bended knee and with earnest word he told his passion and besought the lady fair and bright to smile approval on his suit.
"I may not, Sir William," she answered,

slowly, and with many a blush, "for I am the plighted wife of the Muncaster's lord." Quickly to his feet sprung the dark-browed

Scot, and the angry words that came from his lips told of peril to the gay lord of Pennington.

"Sorrow and dire mischance ne'er to Pen-nington's heir can come, till the blessed cup which once in the Holy Sepulcher did rest, the Luck of Muncaster, is shattered and broken. The Douglass, proud with all the flower of Scotland's knights, may circle round the towers of merrie Carlisle, but the towers they ne'er will win while Sir John commands the English force and the charmed cup is safe from harm.' Thus spoke fair Margaret.

Much the Scot marveled this to hear, and, with a lowering brow, he besought the lady to relate the story of the Luck of Muncaster. Brief was the tale, and soon she told it.

Hapless Henry, the sixth of that name, flying from the bloody field of Touton, where stou Warwick, "the king-maker," as men termed him, had trampled to the earth the white rose of Lancaster, and planted the red one in kingly crown, had sought and received conceal ment in Muncaster Castle. For the boon he had bestowed on Pennington's lord a curiously wrought glass cup, all studded o'er with golder spots, and pronounced the charm: "In Muncaster Castle good luck shall be till the charmed

For a hundred years the charm had held. No lord of Pennington had ever been van-quished on the stricken field, or heard the cruel answer, "no," coming from a fair maiden's

And this is the Luck of Muncaster?" the Scot cried, as he vaulted him to the saddle.
"I'll wager all that I have on earth that it will not last another hundred years." And then away he rode, straight for Carlisle towers.

"Now rouse ye, Pennington!" he said, as he drew rein at Carlisle's gates. "Douglass, with a mighty force of Scottish spears, is swooping down straight for thy tower of Muncaster; a thousand spears he leads; either gather up thy knights to give him battle, or dispatch some trusty messenger to recommend the structure of the structure trusty messenger to remove thy prized trea-

Then gay Sir John drew the false Scot to one

"Small treasure have I in my ancestral hall," he said; "but one small jewel in an oaken case I prize. Take this key; it opes the chest where it is hid. Direct my steward to make no resistance to stern Douglass; for the tower can not be held against his force, and I would not peril the life of my faithful servants for naught.

And thou bring the oaken chest to me, and I will hold thee as a dear friend forever."

And ere the bat had winged his second flight across the sable curtain of the night, the dark-browed lord of Liddesdale had done the mes-

sage of the gay Sir John.

And when the moon peeped out, its rays fell full upon the dark figure of the mail-clad Scot, riding toward Carlisle town, the oaken casket which contained the blessed cup, the "Luck of Muncaster," clasped beneath his arm.

As the midnight bell rung clear on the air, he halted before the gates of merrie Carlisle. Along the northern skies the flames of the lucid watch-fires shone bright. From every hill-top tall the beacon fire told of the advance of stern Earl Douglass and the Scottish power.

"Now by my lady's lips, I swear thou art the truest friend that ever warrior had!" gay Sir John cried in glee, as watching alone before the castle gates, he looked upon dark Liddesdale's face. "Swear not by the lips of her you love, for you ne'er shall touch them more!" cried the fiery Scot, in savage triumph high. "Douglass

rides not 'gainst Muncaster tower, but straigh for merrie Carlisle. See, I hold in my hands the precious charm that binds good luck to the and thine! Thus I dash it down to earth. Douglass shall win Carlisle's town, and I the Lady Margaret!"

With a sullen shock the oaken casket came to the ground, straight before Pennington's

"Lie there!" the traitor cried; "proud Mun caster's charm is broken!" His spurs to his horse he put and dashed

adown the slope, while gay Sir John sunk low beside the ruined charm. Into the castle his trusty followers carried both the knight and the oaken casket. They reck little that the charm had fled, and the

Luck of Muncaster was gone forever. With the daylight came the Scottish lances a thousand strong, commanded by James, Dou-glass' stern earl, and in the foremost rank, guiding the march, rode William of Liddes

Gay Sir John no longer was worthy of that title; he fought as fights a man around whose neck the halter twines.

Vain was the struggle; foot by foot, the Scots won the town, and before the sun sunk, they held the key to England—merrie Carlisle.

The citadel alone held out, but a dangerous broads and the citadel alone held out, but a dangerous transfer of the citadel alone held out, but a dangerous transfer out to the control of the citadel alone held out, but a dangerous transfer out to the citadel alone held out, but a dangerous transfer out to the citadel alone held out to the citadel alone breach was in the wall, and already the Scots were swarming to the attack.

In vain desperation Sir John seized the oak-en casket; he meant to fling it in among the foe, and following it, find a soldier's death.
"Oh, miracle! the lid came open in his hand, and there, unharmed, lay the crystal cup, that a traitor's malice had not even dinted.

And e'en as he gazed upon the cup, the war-ry of England and Percy rose on the air. Help had come! two thousand, horse and foot, veteran soldiers, Earl Percy led to the rescue. A cloth-yard shaft, tipped with a gray-goose feather pierced dark Liddesdale through and through, and Douglass stout retreated in sore

Gay Sir John wedded the Lady Margaret for Muncaster's Luck was constant still, and the crystal charm had ne'er been broken.

### A Work of Grace.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"You're going to church this morning, aren't you?" asked Ned Carr, as his cousin from the city came in from a walk in the pleaant Sunday quiet which wrapped the country

"Of course," answered Clark Maynard. "I'm bound to play propriety this summer, it I'm to stay here, and I suppose it wouldn't be proper to stay away from church. But I don anticipate much benefit from the sermon I have a very vivid recollection of Elder Green's sixthlys and seventhlys, and long, drawling words. I always used to get sleepy when I listened to him, and I don't supthe old gentleman has improved much "Oh, we have a new minister!" said Ned

"Pison Green," as they used to call him, gave up preaching some years ago, on account of his poor health, and the Rev. Mr. Haylord was engaged to fill his place. A very differen man from Elder Green, I assure you, and he has one of the prettiest daughters that a minis ter ever had. Blue eyes, yellow hair, red cheeks—oh! I can't begin to describe her to You must go to church for the sake of eing her, if nothing more."

'I'm ready to be interested in all the pretty girls," answered Clark. "I always had an idea that if I ever got to be one of the candidates for heaven, a pretty girl must convert

"What you need is a work of grace," said Ned, laughing. "Miss Haylord's name is Grace. If she could get at your heart, you'd shortly 'meet with a change

"'A work of grace shed abroad in the heart,'"
uoted Clark. "I can remember hearing some quoted Clark. one use those words at a prayer-meeting that

They strolled off across the green fields to the church. A group of young people were chatting on the steps. Clark looked about for ome one who answered to Ned's description of

the minister's daughter, but failed to find her. They went in presently. Just as they were seated, an elderly maiden with keen eyes, and a very prim appearance generally, passed their my duty by him, as a fellow-creature," and with pew, followed by a young lady in white, with a sigh of satisfaction she allowed the minister profusion of yellow hair falling over her

"Miss Haylord," whispered Ned. "The old lady is her aunt. She keeps house for them. Mrs. Haylord is dead."

Clark watched the young lady. By-and-by she turned her head and he caught a glimpse of her face. It was really beautiful, with dainty curves in it, and full of a soft, delicate color Her eyes were blue, and full of clear lights, which could easily deepen into smiles.
"Isn't she lovely?" whispered Ned.

answered Clark. "You must manage to introduce me." I am very much afraid that Clark's mind was

not on the sermon as much as it ought to have been. His eyes were continually straying off toward the pew where the girl with the yellow

"I wouldn't object to being converted by her," thought he. At last services were over. Clark kept close to Ned, and on the church steps, by the luckiest chance in the world, he met the young lady

and was introduced to her.

If he had admired her before, he fell in love with her on getting acquainted. He found it very easy to get on friendly terms with her, and the little chat on the church steps made them very good friends indeed, considering the few minutes they had known each other.

Clark thought of nothing but Grace Haylord all the afternoon, and announced his intention to attend church that evening.

You'll excuse me, I suppose," said Ned. "I've business another way, so I can't accom-

"Of course," answered Clark. "I shall probably see you and her at church."

Ned laughed, and Clark set off by himself, sauntering slowly along the cool and pleasant highway. It might have been by chance, and might not, but the road he selected led him by the parsonage, and a party of three persons came down the path and into the road as he

"Good-evening, Mr. Maynard," said the soft voice of the minister's daughter, setting his heart in a flutter by its music. "Allow me to introduce you to my father, and my aunt, Miss

Clark shook hands with the minister and the maiden aunt, and the party walked slowly churchward. It was a pleasant walk, but he could have enjoyed it more if there had been no one but the minister's daughter and himself. Are you a member of any church?" asked Miss Powers.

"I regret to say I am not," answered Clark.
"I am sorry," said Miss Powers. "In this day and age of the world a young man needs the influence of divine grace in his heart."
"I am aware of that," answered Clark, look

ing into the eyes of what seemed "divine Grace" to him. She looked up, met his glance, and blushed such a delightful color that Clark admired her more than ever.

"I am going to deliver a sermon on grace to-night," said the minister; "I hope it may con-tain some hints and suggestions which will help you to secure this grace which you ack-nowledge yourself to stand in need of."

"I hope so," fervently answered Clark; and again his eyes and those of the young girl met, and the swift flush came to her cheek, and she turned her face away in a shy confusion.

It seemed to Clark that every thing kept urging him on to secure grace that evening. The first hymn began:

"Oh, God! to thee of grace I sing;
Accept a servant's vows;
Thy grace, oh, give him, heavenly King,
To keep and rule his house!" And then, after prayer, the minister read another one, beginning:

"Grace! 'tis a charming theme!' and the closing hymn, which was sung by the congregation, and in which Clark joined with commendable fervor, especially in the last verse, ended in this way:

"Thy wisdom give me. oh, my God,
To wisely fill my place,
That I may love thee more and more,
Oh give, oh give me grace."

Sometimes he thought he should have to laugh, but a sense of the "importance of the subject" restrained him.

When services were over he waited at the door until the grace for which such an ardent desire had sprung up in his heart, made her appearance. There were some low-spoken words, and then he walked off with her on his arm. feeling happy to know that he had temporary possession of the grace which he felt he needed "To keep and rule his house,

After that he called often at the parsonage. The only drawback to the enjoyment which a visit there always gave him, was Miss Powers. she seemed to have become impressed with the idea that it was her duty to convert him, and whenever she could she quoted her private religious authors to him, and gave him books to read, in which passages were marked. was eminently a good woman, Clark hadn't a doubt, but she was terribly in the way some-He was as anxious to secure grace as she was to have him, but she always happened in at the most inopportune moments, and after a month had gone by, he wasn't sure whether he could have grace "to keep and rule his

One night he made up his mind, as he went up the parsonage steps, to find out.

Grace—the Grace he was after—was in the

parlor. She gave him one of her shy, sweet blushes, and then they sat down in the half-twilight, than ever that night; and, at last, even Jerry and there Clark told his story, and had a very could not stand it. minister for further instructions.

"Where is your father?" asked Clark, jubilant with happiness; "I must see him and talk with him. I want this matter entirely settled. you know, and all we want now is his con-

And thereupon he kissed the minister's daughter several times, and she returned "the same with usury

Just at that moment Miss Powers came in. "Oh, aunt Harriet," cried Grace, "do you know where father is? Mr. Maynard is here; he wishes to see him.' "I think he is in his study," answered Miss

Powers; "run up and see."

"I really hope you want to talk with my brother-in-law about the welfare of your soul," said Miss Powers, solemnly. "I have taken quite an interest in you, and would like to feel

sured that there has been a work of grace shed abroad in your heart."

"There has," said Clark, with great assurance; "I wish to see your brother about it." "Do you feel that your heart is changed?" questioned Miss Powers; "that divine grace

as taken away your old heart and given you a new one Yes, I do," answered Clark; "you have ex-

plained it exactly; it has all been done by grace," he added, with a struggle to keep down Just then steps were heard in the hall: Mis Powers slipped out of the room; she met her brother-in-law at the door.

"Mr. Maynard tells me he's met with a change," she whispered; "he thinks he's got a new heart. I'm very glad, for I've tried to do to pass into the room.

The reverend gentleman greeted his visitor warmly, and a little discursive conversation ensued, which was followed by a little silgnce. "My sister-in-law tells me you have met with

a change," said the minister, by and by. "I am truly glad to hear it. Can I be of any assistance to you, my dear young friend?"

"I want Grace," said Clark, resolved to have the matter done with as soon as possible. "If you are willing, I should be pleased to have you

It isn't for me to say any thing about it, said the minister, in some surprise. "Grace comes from the divine hand. Of course, I am anxious for you to have it, but the matter of your obtaining it doesn't rest with me; that depends upon yourself: 'Ask and ye shall re-

"You're talking about one kind of grace, while I mean another," cried Clark; "I mean your daughter; may I have her?"
"Oh!" exclaimed the rather bewildered min-

ister, light dawning upon his mind; "I thought, and so did Harriet, that you meant a very different kind of grace. So it's my Grace you want, Yes, sir," answered Clark; "she is willing

it all rests with you.' 'I don't know as I have any objections, if she hasn't," said the minister.

And so Clark Maynard gained "Grace," who "shed abroad" such a "work in his heart."
"keeps and rules his house," and he hasn't regretted that he took the minister's advice and "sought after grace diligently until he obtained

## Tales of the Foothills. THE UNLUCKY PARTNER.

BY W. J. HAMILTON.

"THERE is no danger possible," said Gentleman Ned, the miner, as he sat with his chums near the blazing fire, "which a man will not dare who is a gold-seeker. If this were not so, how is it that so many of us risk our lives, year after year, in the same quest, danger from Indians, grizzlies, land-slides and road-agents, which we might shun by a quiet life in ranches or in the cities? People with such an education as I have, make more money each year, in the common pursuits of everyday life, than I have made or ever shall make here. Then, why am I here?"

"Because you've got the gold-fever, and you've got it bad," replied Tom Eagle, laughing. "That's what's the matter."

"Gentlemen Ned a hardsome stalwart young

Gentleman Ned, a handsome, stalwart young fellow, and a perfect mountain Hercules, re-turned his companion's laugh, and contin-

"Now, I'll give you a yarn, if you like to hear it. Buck Connors, get down to leeward. I never can stand it when you get between the wind and my nobility. The tobacco you wind and my nobility. The tobacco you smoke would turn the stomach of a Fejee Can nibal. Tom Burke, take your elbow out of my ribs, for they can't stand the strain. Light up, boys! I can always talk best when I am under

We all assumed comfortable positions, and

Ned began:

"It was my second year in the mines, '53 I think, and I was mining in the foothills back of Oregon Gulch. I had been in hard luck all through the season, and when the dry weather came, and there was no water to run sluices, l had just money enough to buy a mule and three months' provisions, and with these I started out prospecting. My partner was Jerry Fralick—Jerry is ranching on the Yuba now, and doing well—as unlucky a miner as ever turned dirt. He had just about as much money as I, and, when we started out, we looked so ragged and forlorn that the boys told us to look out or the turkey buzzards would think we were carrion and go for us. I was too mad for fun, and I cursed them up and down hill, and swore that we would not come back until we had dust enough to buy up the entire diggings. They only laughed the more, and away we went, and stopped about sunset in a gulch, ten miles from camp. It was a likely place, and we tried the pans a little while before supper, but could not strike the color, and when we were crouching over the fire at night, I had to egin on Jerry.

"I know what the matter is,' I said. 'I shall have no luck while I have a partner who is so cursed unlucky that gold will hide from him like a Digger Indian from a War Apache.

"'I know I'm unlucky, Ned,' said Jerry,
mildly, 'and I almost wish I had not come out
at all, if it is going to spoil your chances.'

"I was mad enough to be a fool, and I kept

on grumbling, as if the poor fellow was responsible for his luck, and I could see that his face took on a sad look as I talked. He was very much attached to me, and that, more than any thing else, was the reason why he had stuck to me so long, for in the first years of our mining I was a hard fellow to get along with—that am willing to allow—on account of my grumbling. But, he stood it so long and thought he might worry through another year. I was too mad to see that I was going too far, and went

to sleep grumbling.
"Next day we were afoot early, traveled about twenty miles, and then made a camp and got out the pans again. But, it was no use; we never raised the color. I was more abusive

"'See here, Ned,' he said, at last; 'you've no call to be so uppish about my luck. I can't

stand this growling forever.' "'You deserve it, and more,' I said. man whose ill-luck follows not only himself but every one who has any thing to do with or I don't see: only take them. him, is not the man for me.

"'Very well, Ned,' he said. 'Perhaps you won't be troubled with me much longer.' 'I didn't say much more, for it had got through my thick head that Jerry would stand no more. I went to sleep, and when I awoke in the morning only one mule was cropping the

short grass. In an instant I was on my feet, and found that my infernal foolishness had borne fruit. Jerry had packed up in the night and was gone, and here I was alone in the foot hills, to work my own way.

"Boys, I felt mean. I knew that it was my own fault but I would not allow it yet, I was so mad at Jerry for deserting. But there was no help for it, and I rode on up the gulch about ten miles and made another camp, took down my pans and began to work up a slope for a 'pocket.' It was lonesome work, boys, and legan to miss old Jerry's good-natured gabble more than I would allow. I worked hard all lay and got a good show for a pocket, but be fore I could work to the angle it came dark and I started back to camp, leaving my pans where they were. I took a short cut, for knew the country and could cut off over half a mile by going this way, down the side of the gulch. When I was nearly to the bottom it was getting quite dark, and I jumped off a rock upon what looked like a bed of green grass, but, to my surprise, I went in over my knees at the first jump. I laughed a little at my awkwardness, and tried to wade out of what I supposed was mud, but to my horror, my efforts to extricate one foot only forced the

other deeper into the place.

I was in a quicksand! I don't need to tell you what that means, boys. Some of you have tried it and know that it is not pretty. I threw myself back and tried to get hold of the rock from which I had sprung, but it was no use. ] could not reach it, and began to realize the fact that my quarrel with my unlucky partner had cost me my life.

"I began to cry out at the top of my voice, while I yet struggled to free myself, but I soon gave that up, for every effort only sunk me deeper in the quicksand. I began to despair of life, and shouted till I was hoarse. What would I not have given to see Jerry, now, the man who had been my friend in many a trying hour? My fate was not the less bitter from the fact that I had driven away the friend who would have given me aid, but the effort was in

vain; I was doomed! It was horrible to die in this way, so young, with the promise of a happy life before me. I shouted, screamed, and prayed almost in the same breath, and still that unseen monster dragging me down. At last, as by a sort of in spiration, I gave a whistle which Jerry and I had agreed on in hours of danger. It went echoing down the gulch; and although I had no hope of hearing an answer, I listened a moment and gave it again, when, to my utter sur-prise and delight, the answer came back from the direction of my camp. My heart gave a great leap, and I whistled again, and directly after the beat of hoofs could be heard, and a man came dashing down the gulch, and stopped a few paces away.

"'Whistle again, old boy!' cried a familiar voice; 'let me know where you are.'
"It was Jerry! No need to tell you that. In two minutes he had a double lariat under my arms, with the end fast to the pommel of the saddle, and dragged me out of the jaws of death. He had struck it rich, about three miles death. He had struck it rich, about three miles away, at a place which we had passed over, and came back to tell me, forgetting what I had done. Just as he got to my camp he heard my whistle, and came up at full speed. All I know is that I never grumbled at Jerry's luck again, for had he not struck it that day, my bones would lie at the bottom of the quicksand. We panned out ten thousand apiece in that gulch, and he bought a ranch with his share. I am going to him in the dry season.

### Beat Time's Notes.

SHOULD your clothes catch fire at the stove, or from a lamp explosion, don't lose your presence of mind; sit down calmly and collect your thoughts. If you have no bucket of water to throw over you, keep cool anyhow; take a drink of ice water, and use a fan; drop a polite note to the Superintendent of the Fire Department to send an engine up and put you out, or you will be dreadfully put out yourself. If the engine has to stop to have its wheels greased, and you find the weather about you is getting too warm, inquire the way to the nearest canal; measure the depth of it, and then jump in. Don't wait to strip off. What is left of the fire will be put out by this time. But, be sure you don't get excited.

SHOULD a wild beast take after you while oing alone through some foreign wilderness, you would do well first to see what kind of an nimal it is. Go back and examine it thoroughy; see if it has spots all over it; count them; see if any are missing; it will probably be a leopard; look at your pocket Natural History. Should it have a mane and be quite ferocious, you will find on calmly referring to your book, page 48, that it is a lion. Carefully examine pocket-rule and measure its fangs: if they are four and one-half inches long it would be well to pack your valise and meditate a scamper.

PERHAPS you remember my umbrella! Well, it's gone again—went off with another fellow, and, from the way it don't come back, I think it is gone for good—or bad. But, I don't care much; it has always kept me in trouble. It never did stay at home, and I was obliged to keep a standing yearly "lost" advertisement in the papers ever since it was born. It never was home only in dry weather. If you would open that umbrella in the severest deluge and go immediately into a house, you could keep perfectly dry. There were more holes than umbrella about it. Have you seen it? I will reward any man that don't bring it back.

It is with innumerable tears, diluted with bitterness, and many sighs of great depth, that I read those sorrowful descriptions of life, and almost death, that the worthy proprietors put into their medical almanaes for family entertainment. They boil over with the most soultouching expressions of excruciating tribula-tions of the heroes, who, in spite of all that seventeen doctors can't do, are on the point of giving themselves up and going down. This part of the story is very affecting, but, just in the nick of time, they accidentally get hold of a bottle of it, and then I mop up my

THE Modocs are again at their sinful games. My Indian policy is plain and simple: it is simply this—I would take those Modocs and burn them. Now, I don't wish it inferred that I would hurt their feelings, or that I would do moment's pain. Not a particle. humanly remove their heads before burning them, so they would not have to suffer one pang. I never like to be anyways cruel. My Indian policy is to take every Indian's poll-i-cy

If I am ever hung (and I really expect to be some day, unless Congress abolishes peddlers) I would have only one dying request to make, and that is that they hang me with a spider web. I wouldn't want to ask too much in my last moments, but I would be satisfied with that. If I must hang, and it is convenient, I would also take it as a favor if I could hang around a dining-hall about meal-times.

WHENEVER I get hard up, I procure the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury and revel in large sums of money—millions and millions of it! I tear out whole pages with immense amounts upon them and pocket, and walk up and down the room, rat-tling them and feeling big. I look over these vast sums until I get perfectly sick of money, and then go down town and get things on credit.

Whistling is the cheapest of all music. I am one of the most proficient whistlers of the age. Lawyers have made me whistle. My wife has instructed me diligently in the art. The music which I make may be doleful, but it is perfect of its kind.

This late hot spell has made me lose about

forty pounds of flesh and fifty pounds of tem-I'm too thin; my cheeks are shrunken nearly together and are trying hard to get past each other, and I haven't life about me enough to animate a three-months' old bedbug; but there is no danger of me drying up as long as I have power to talk. WHEN a man swears off from any bad habit

the world gives him a great deal of credit—he gets all praise for merely swearing off once, but I can swear off every day and they den't seem to give me half the credit I deserve.

THE most conscientious man I ever knew was a tombstone letterer, who made the discovery that he had cut the name HANNAH backwards, and then went out and hung himself.

IF a fifteen-inch bore of a Life Insurance agent comes around here to bore me this hot weather, I warn him that I will undertake the gratuitous job of removing the patches from his pants with a sharp boot.

I HAVE heard men boast of boldly going into an affray, but I always think they would be the first to go into an afraid.

To get supple, eat nothing but soup. This you may soup-pose is insouperable superstition, but it isn't; it is souperior truth.

If a tax was assessed upon smartness what a revenue there would be!

A MAN out West lately lost his health sud-denly and died—his disease was rope.

IF you should swallow a tooth, it would be merely an inside—dental affair.